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Events of the Week.

It is not disputed that when Messrs. Bullitt and Stephen went on a peace mission in April to Moscow, they went officially on behalf of Mr. Wilson. It is not so generally known that the terms they carried were also endorsed by Mr. Lloyd George. The text of them has now been published by the New York "Nation," which adds the startling detail, that they were actually in the handwriting of Mr. Philip Kerr, the Premier's principal secretary. The terms, in fact, are rather too concrete to have emanated from Mr. Wilson's factory of abstractions. They propose that all the *de facto* governments in Russia retain their present territories, that none attempt to overthrow the other by force, and that all place their armies on a peace footing. The blockade is to be raised and commercial relations restored, while the Allies are to evacuate Russia. The produce existing in or imported into Russia is to be accessible to all classes without distinction. There is to be a general amnesty, and the Russian Governments shall jointly recognize the debts of Tsardom. These terms, carried by Mr. Bullitt to Moscow, were accepted in their entirety by Lenin. Why nothing happened when Mr. Bullitt hurried back with an agreed basis of peace, is a matter for speculation. Possibly it was revealed to the Big Four that Koltchak was on the point of taking Moscow. It turned out otherwise. The terms, however, have more than an antiquarian interest. They are still a good basis for peace.

THE dangerous position of our Archangel Expedition, due to the revolt of our Russian levies at Omega, and the consequent capture of the key position by the Bolsheviks, gave point and urgency to the debate on Tuesday. Sir Donald Maclean confined himself to asking questions. Mr. Clynes spoke with more feeling, and came nearer to voicing the opinions of Labor than in his speech on the Peace Treaty. He made a point of the fact that thirty tanks are about to be shipped to Russia, and urged that we should cope with Bolshevism not by fighting, but by feeding Russia. Lord Robert Cecil's was a broad and thoughtful speech, and while he justified our intervention in Russia during the war, and accepted our obligation not to leave our present associates

in the lurch, he spoke strongly on the folly of "attempting to smash Bolshevism" by force of arms, and pointed out that it is an idea which would survive even if we occupied Moscow. His conclusion was a plea not merely for the withdrawal of our forces, but for peace with Russia. Mr. Churchill's answer was throughout in an apologetic and minimising tone, and he insisted that he was not personally responsible for the original decision to fight on the Archangel front. He seems to have realized that the adventure is as unpopular as it is inglorious.

THE only definite outcome of the speech is that the undertaking to withdraw our men from Russia has been reaffirmed. None the less, Mr. Churchill left himself many loopholes. There is no precise time limit. The military commanders on the spot are to have "absolute discretion"; if they need reinforcements they will be sent, and if they wish to "manœuvre" they may do so. In other words, while he talks of retiring, Mr. Churchill tells his soldiers that they may, if they choose, undertake a fresh aggressive campaign with fresh troops. It is hard to say what this may mean in practice. While Mr. Churchill avoided any discussion of our general policy in Russia, and did not mention the blockade, he announced that we should continue to send munitions and stores to Koltchak and Denikin. The only hopeful phrase in the speech was one which said that we were not necessarily committed to "keep alive a devastating civil war in Russia" for all time, but the moment to review our policy was "not yet." It appears that among our troops in North Russia there are still six conscripts to every eleven volunteers. Koltchak and Denikin have had twenty to thirty millions' worth of munitions. This figure, however, does not cover other stores, nor the regular subsidies paid to Koltchak's Government.

THERE were few clues in this speech to the real mind of the Government, if on this question it has a mind. Mr. Churchill spoke of the small border States which are to be erected as a "bulwark designed to stand between Germany and the Empire (*sic*) of Russia." We were protecting them by drawing off two-thirds of the Bolshevik forces against Koltchak and Denikin. Mr. Churchill forgot, however, that the Bullitt terms, which Lenin has accepted, provide not only for the safety of these States, but also for the demobilization of the Red Army. Again, he rejected the policy of "leaving the Russian people to stew in their own juice." On the contrary, the Bullitt terms and the Nansen offer opened up a policy of impartial but positive helpfulness to the Russian people. He dreads "a hostile Russia and a revengeful Germany," and seems to think that Russia would be less hostile if we could impose the rule of Koltchak and Denikin upon her. The Supreme Ruler might be grateful, but for how long would his ascendancy last? On the general issues of army policy, Mr. Churchill was slightly more satisfactory. He predicted that conscription would disappear permanently with the Military Service Act next spring, and announced that, "broadly speaking," our future army will not be "substantially larger" than the pre-war army of 1914.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Asquith has in effect associated the Liberal Party with the demand for the withdrawal of the Russian expedition. His statement of Liberal policy towards the whole enterprise was definite and final. It was not for the Allies to take part in the "domestic controversies" or the "constitutional development" of independent peoples. The future Government of Russia was a matter for its people, and for no one else. Even on the point of policy, it was no time for the country to go crusading for the extermination of Bolshevism. Paris had declared for the principle of self-determination, and we must adhere to it. Good, sensible words, which represent, we are sure, the opinion of an overwhelming majority of the nation.

HERR ERZBERGER has thrown a very live Parliamentary bombshell at the parties of the Right during a general debate on the policy of the Bauer Government. He brought home to the Junkers the prolongation of the war and the consequent defeat of Germany by revealing the details of one of the several approaches to peace which took place in the summer of 1917. From the Papal Nuncio in Munich he learned that as a sequel to the Pope's Circular Note on Peace, the British Government returned an answer which asked for specific assurances from Germany regarding Belgium. The Chancellor, Michaelis, allowed four weeks to pass without answering this inquiry, and when his answer came it was so vague and unsatisfactory as to confirm the worst suspicions. The answer, moreover, was not in conformity with the assurances which the Chancellor had given to the leaders of the Majority in the Reichstag. Further disclosures from the Premier and the Foreign Secretary have made it clear that the Chancellor's answer, unsatisfactory though it was, was less so than the real intentions of the military party. At a Crown Council, held to discuss the Pope's intervention, the Kaiser and the Chancellor had insisted that Belgium must come within the German economic system, while Hindenburg insisted on an occupation of Belgium for several years after peace and the permanent retention at least of Liège, while Ludendorff went even further. The question of restoration was apparently dismissed without discussion.

THE text of the British Note was published later by the Foreign Secretary, Herr Müller. It is very cautious in its wording, states that we had not yet consulted our Allies, and does not specifically say that we should have been ready to discuss peace. But it does indicate clearly that the preliminary to any discussion must be a precise undertaking from Germany as to the restoration and indemnification of Belgium. Oddly enough, the Foreign Office said at the time that no answer was given to the Pope. It is, perhaps, hasty to conclude, as Herr Erzberger does, that peace could then have been easily attained, for France and Alsace had also to be considered. But undoubtedly he proves his point that the Junkers stopped any possible approach to peace by their policy in Belgium. The revelation has had a great effect and came at a critical moment, when the military reaction seemed to be regaining a little of its lost ground.

ANY shreds of satisfaction which the Coalition may have extracted from the fact that their majority in Swansea was reduced by only 3,500 will have been completely wiped out by the Bothwell by-election. The Labor candidate has been returned by a majority of over 7,000. Swansea was a peculiar constituency in one way, and Bothwell is peculiar in another; but somewhere between these two results lies the real measure of the

Coalition's unpopularity. The impending by-election at Pontefract should administer another salutary lesson. Moreover, the Coalition can say that "by themselves they did it." Labor's parliamentary opposition has shown little or no sign of statesmanship. But the Coalition has succeeded unaided in making itself in a few months the most unpopular government of modern times. The childish attempts of the Government to "rig" public opinion against Labor are evidently meeting with the reception which they deserve. This makes it all the more important that Labor, which is bound to win seat after seat as by-elections occur in the industrial districts, should improve its Parliamentary representation by the addition of a few men of real character. The return of more miners may be a useful demonstration, but the Miners' Federation would be wise to enrich itself with parliamentary and administrative ability. They will need all the brains they can attach to their service when the Coalition, already discredited and torn by internal dissent, falls finally asunder.

PEACE negotiations with Afghanistan were opened on July 26th at Rawal Pindi. Sir Hamilton Grant Foreign Secretary to the Government of India, heads the British envoys. The Amir has sent a large delegation, about 65 in number, presided over by Sirdar Ali Ahmad Khan, who is certainly not behaving as the cringing emissary of a ruler in distress. Sir Hamilton Grant began the debate with a speech of challenging tone. He spoke of the frontier campaign as "the most wanton, crazy, and meaningless" of wars, adding that the British Government would have been justified in going on to force the Amir into unconditional surrender. This provoked the Sirdar to a reply not inferior in asperity. He disagreed with Sir Hamilton's statements as to the origin and progress of the war, argued that a friendly Afghanistan was the strongest bulwark against Bolshevism, and, in the most approved Western fashion, predicted that a renewal of the fighting would lay India open to the Bolshevik flood. This oratorical duel made anything but a promising start for the work to be done in the settlement of the North-West; but presumably both sides mean peace. A most distressing aspect of the year's campaign is seen in the revelations made this week as to the breakdown of the medical arrangements during the year's operations on the frontier. They are such as to suggest that the Simla bureaucracy is incorrigible. Even the tragedy of Mesopotamia seems to have taught its directors nothing.

It is believed that the French general election will take place in October, and it now seems likely that M. Clemenceau will remain in power until it is over. Indeed, rumor in France credits him with the intention of staying in office until January, and then succeeding M. Poincaré as President of the Republic. Whether, if that be really M. Clemenceau's intention, he will be able to realize it depends, of course, on the constitution of the new Parliament. Two-thirds of the Senate have to be renewed, as well as the whole of the Chamber, before the Presidential election is held. All the local bodies have also to be re-elected this year, for there have been no municipal elections since the beginning of the war—not even for the purpose of filling vacancies—and the senatorial electors are members or delegates of the various local councils. M. Mandel (né Rothschild), M. Clemenceau's Grand Vizier, who is becoming more and more the political, as M. Loucheur is the economic, ruler of France, has initiated an ambitious scheme for combining all the *bourgeois* parties, including the Royalists and reactionaries, against the Socialists.

The scheme has the whole-hearted support of M. Maurras, who has declared in the "Action Française" that he and his friends are ready for any and every alliance against the "Bolsheviks and the Caillautists." But the non-Socialist Republicans of the Left are jibbing at an alliance with the enemies of the Republic even for the purpose of securing M. Clemenceau's election to the Presidency.

* * *

THE National Congress of the Radical Party held last Saturday and Sunday showed a sharp division of opinion between the rank and file of the party and the majority of the Radical deputies, whose conduct in supporting the Clemenceau Ministry was severely criticized. A resolution "formally calling on" the Radical deputies to "exact" from the Government the immediate suppression of martial law and the censorship, and to support "only a Government realizing the union of Republicans" was carried by an overwhelming majority in spite of the opposition of M. René Renoult, the Chairman of the party in the Chamber, who, according to rumor, is designated by M. Clemenceau as his successor in the Premiership. This resolution was in effect a vote of censure on the present Government, and was so understood both by those who supported and those who opposed it. It is likely to lead to a Radical interpellation in the Chamber. Another resolution, carried unanimously, declared the party ready "to facilitate the union of all the parties of the Left"—a phrase which, of course, includes the Socialists—and resolved to "repudiate any candidate who should consent to appear on an electoral list side by side with those who have not ceased to combat the laical, democratic, and social Republic." By the new electoral law the next General Election will be held on the system of *scrutin de liste*, with a system of proportional representation to come into operation only if enough candidates to fill all the seats fail to obtain a clear majority of the voters. This hybrid system may lead to surprises, for a list on which all the candidates were supported by one more than half the voters would have all the deputies for the constituency.

* * *

THE "news" which reaches this country through a Greek source that General Allenby has offered the island of Cyprus to Greece is not yet true, but we hope it may be an intelligent anticipation of an event which ought not to be long delayed. The population of the island is 80 per cent. Hellenic, and it would be well if all the Greek claims which Paris has endorsed were so well founded as this. The Cypriotes are all but unanimous in their demand for union, and the deputation, headed by their Archbishop, which is now in London, has stated their case in a tactful and persuasive way. Early in the war Cyprus was offered to King Constantine as an inducement to come in on our side: we cannot morally withhold it from M. Venizelos. To concede it should, however, strengthen our hands in resisting Greek claims which are not based on nationality—to Southern Albania for example, and to Western Thrace. We object to paying Greece at the expense of Albanian, Bulgarian, and Turkish populations, but we are ready to meet her just claims, even when our own territory will thereby be diminished. We were moral gainers when Mr. Gladstone gave her the Ionian Islands, and Cyprus is as clear a case for principle. In surrendering Cyprus we shall, moreover, make it harder for Italy to retain her strategical conquest in the Greek Dodecanese. Rhodes is as certainly Greek as Cyprus.

THE deadly race conflict which began in Washington a fortnight ago has this week passed to Chicago, in an even more terrible form. Until full evidence is available, it is idle to speculate as to the relative guilt of white and black; but it is abundantly clear that in Chicago the provocation is mainly economic. The extraordinary exodus of negroes from the South, with the stoppage of immigration from Europe, has deeply affected the great industrial centres in the Middle West. Colored labor has been employed in the stockyards and factories, the railway workshops—in every occupation practically that was supplied from the reservoir of European immigrants. The negro is earning the white man's wage, and is investing his savings. Chicago, like other Western cities, has to adjust itself to a greatly enlarged colored population, not depressed and submissive as of old, but far otherwise; and the adjustment is not easy. North, West, and South alike, the negro is feeling his new status and demanding his full citizenship. America cannot treat its soldier-citizens as helots, and some figures given by the New York correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" are illuminating. In all some 360,000 young negroes have been drafted into the United States Army. Of these 239,000 came from the Southern States, which provided no more than 379,000 white troops. Here we have a hitherto unregarded aspect of compulsory military service.

* * *

THE good sense of the House of Lords in business matters where direct interests of property are not plainly involved is notorious, and it was shown last Tuesday in rejecting a wrecking motion on the Transport Bill. That measure is open to many detailed objections. But the main transport services of a country like this cannot long remain in the control of private companies. Competition is impossible in most instances, and the issue between public ownership and an incompetent control of rates and services must be determined in favor of the former course. We approve the substance of the measure as a preparatory stage towards this solution. Lord Salisbury's motion to divide the Bill into two, and to deal only with the first part, *i.e.*, railways and waterways, will not work. As Lord Curzon in his very able reply demonstrated, it is impracticable to sever these main arteries of transport from the subsidiary and connected services of tramways, harbors, docks. We must relate the control of transport to the great agricultural and housing problems, to the solution of which the Government is pledged. Lord Buckmaster's objection was that "if the Bill were passed as it stood, the nationalization of the whole of the transport of the country must be complete." The Government deny this implication. But it seems to us inevitable, and on the whole right.

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WE should want some columns of THE NATION to do justice to the tremendous indictment of the Prime Minister's conduct of national affairs which Lord Askwith directs at him in Thursday's "Times." We have often presented such a case in these columns, but we withdraw in favor of the man who in the whole country is most entitled to make it. Lord Askwith's life work enables him closely to survey the demoralization of the Georgian régime. The truth of his demonstration is known to every student of our affairs and our institutions. The country, as he says, looks for a way out and a man to show it. We should say that the hour points decisively to one such man. And he is—Lord Robert Cecil.

Politics and Affairs.

THE PERIL OF PRICES.

THE anger and consternation of all classes of our people at the refusal of war-prices to fall now that the Great War is over are a chief element in our national unrest. Nor are we consoled by the knowledge that the price-level is far higher among our Continental Allies and in several of the neutral countries. Our mind works with a simple logic. The rise of prices was due to war conditions: the war is over: therefore prices ought to have fallen: but they have not fallen: they stand to-day as high as they stood in July of last year, when the strain of the struggle was at its maximum. Retail prices are 109 per cent. above the figure for July, 1914, and would be still higher were it not for the bread subsidy which substitutes taxation for part of the rise in price. Certain articles stand out in a wicked eminence, eggs, sugar, fish, fruit and imported meat, together with most articles of clothing.

WILL PRICES FALL?

There is no near prospect of relief. When the Armistice came, everyone anticipated a gradual decline of prices as industry and commerce began to resume their normal shape. The more cautious statisticians held that within a year or so prices would be down by some two-thirds of their war-rise, a new equilibrium being reached at about that figure. Now the oracles are dumb. Violent cross-recriminations take place between Capital, Labor and the Government, each accusing the others of obstruction and of profiteering. Few people even seem to want to understand. And yet the situation is one that calls for a clear and tolerant judgment. For it is both difficult and dangerous.

THE CAUSES.

There are two primary causes for high prices, shortage of goods and abundance of money. The chief reason why the expected fall has not taken place is the failure of this and other countries to get back to normal conditions of production and trade. After the Armistice almost everybody wanted to return to work, though not precisely upon pre-war terms and methods. But they were prevented from doing so partly by difficulties of demobilization and the delays in readapting the industrial plant from war to peace purposes. These troubles, however, would have been got over by this time, if business had been free and confident. But it was not. The darkness and confusion of the Paris Conference and the bad peace which emerged, the retention of the war blockades and the restrictions upon commerce, not merely retarded the resumption of ordinary economic activities in every country but stopped the repair of the broken machinery of international exchange and rendered it impossible to forecast the future course of trade and prices. The Paris policy, deliberately calculated to prevent the Central Powers and Russia from resuming industry and commerce, and forcing them to squander their fearfully depleted resources in war and revolution, is directly responsible for stereotyping the war-shortage of production. The same policy, by retaining large military and naval forces and employing them in a score of minor fields of action, continues the destructive waste of war. It takes out of this country large stores of foods, clothing and other supplies otherwise available for purchase and consumption by our

people, and uses up masses of transport which the world wants.

THE EMBARGOES.

Closely associated with the refusal to make peace is the retention by our Government of the embargoes upon trade. The embargoes were introduced as war-measures. But they have been retained as the foundation for a permanent measure of protective tariffs for the benefit of the well-organized and favored industries which have got the country and Parliament in their grip, and are arranging in secret trade committees the division of the spoils. Sir John Simon, in several recent addresses, has exposed the number, size, and insidious character of these embargoes upon imports, and the licences which place in favored hands the power to destroy trade competitors, establish monopolies, and plunder the consuming public. There is hardly any class of ordinary purchasers, in furniture and other household goods, in clothing, and in the thousand and one conveniences and comforts which to-day belong to the standard of life of all save the very poor, that is not subjected to this policy of restriction. Huge quantities of goods which would enter our markets are kept out. The British producers or the licensed importers are thus enabled to raise the price of our clothing, furniture, crockery, clocks, drugs, and innumerable other articles to three, four, or six times the pre-war figures.

This Government policy is backed by an export policy under which we refuse to sell raw materials to foreigners in order that they may turn them into manufactured goods, and so increase their own and our supplies. The huge quantities of wool held by our Government are kept back by this dog-in-the-manger policy. They are denied even to purchasers in friendly nations, whose factories and workshops they could set going.

THE ECONOMIC CONFUSION.

The actual restrictions upon supplies of foods, materials, and labor, and the general lack of confidence this policy involves, react again most disastrously upon the psychology of the industrial situation here and elsewhere. The productivity of industry is everywhere depressed and interrupted. Employers and employed are filled with mutual suspicions, and are manœuvring for position in a great struggle for mastery. High prices are cause here as well as effect. Labor everywhere suspects capital of profiteering; capital charges labor with endless rapacity. The slackening of production, the loss of time, and the shadow of further impending struggle all contribute to the slow recovery of industry. Part of this slackness may be attributed to the natural reaction from the tenseness of war life. But its existence and its effect on prices are undeniable.

THE BRADBURYs.

Turning to the other side of the price-equation, there is no reason for expecting any considerable fall of prices so long as the artificial abundance of money evoked by war conditions continues. The major part of the price-rise in this country has probably been due to the inflation of the currency. The manufacture of several hundred millions of Bradburys is, of course, a potent factor of this bad finance. But the use of our banking system to create credits for direct or indirect lending to the Government has been a larger, subtler, and even more dangerous inflation. The cowardice of the Government made these processes seem necessary as war measures. But the first object of the Chancellor of the Exchequer when war was

over, should have been to set about a gradual process of deflation by the calling in of uncovered notes and the cancelling of excessive credits. Instead of doing this, more Bradburys have been issued, and a continued increase of borrowing goes on, attended by the same manufacture of bank credit. No small proportion even of the "new money" of this last loan is inflation, and is helping to raise prices or to stop their fall. We are not living on a basis of honest money, and the least scrupulous Government of our times still wields the power to debase the currency. The continuance of gigantic unproductive expenditure by the Government robs industry of the capital it needs for reconstructed and expanding industry. This reduces the supply of goods, while it involves a further creation of bad money. How then can prices fall?

PROFITEERING.

The shrinkage of supply and the increase of money do not, however, in themselves account for all the trouble. Under such conditions, with necessarily shifting prices, nobody knows what is a "reasonable" price for what he sells, whether it be goods or services, and he grabs all he can. Profiteering is rampant: its opportunities are innumerable. It takes place on the largest scale where effective capitalist combines control the supply and sale of some necessity or convenience of life, or some essential requisite of trade. The metal and machine making, the chemical, the glass, the pottery, the building and furnishing trades, and certain branches of textiles, afford conspicuous cases of a movement which the war has immensely accelerated and which threatens to involve all the great capitalist industries of the country. But outside these limits of national industry we now recognize the grip of foreign or international trusts upon our purses. The American meat and tobacco trusts, and, as the remarkable revelations of last Monday in the House of Commons testify, the American Shoe Machinery Makers, have a growing power to extort from us monopoly profits. Even before the war international arrangements were holding up the prices of articles so different as steel rails, sea-freights, explosives, cigarettes and sewing thread. We must now recognize that an ever-growing number of the foods, materials, and manufactured products we require have passed out of the competitive market into combinations which will charge "what the trade will bear."

THE FIXING OF PRICES.

It is, however, right to recognize that combinations of workers are everywhere seeking to pursue a similar policy for the sale of their services. They wish to get as high a price as possible, and if they think that shorter hours or a deliberate restriction of output will strengthen their "pull," they are prepared to imitate the policy of the trust-makers or the middlemen, who will let food rot in order to keep up the price. Mere reprobation of capital and labor is out of place. When competition is replaced by combination, the old regulator of prices is lost, and no reliable new one is found. Nobody knows what he can get, still less what he ought to get. The fixing of prices under such conditions becomes a trial of strength. In other words, the distribution of wealth or income is according to "pulls." If this is recognized as inequitable, unreasonable, and inhuman, as indeed it is, then organized society must devise a better way of fixing prices. Governments are everywhere being driven to interfere. But this interference is clumsy, ill-informed, and without principle. It operates sometimes by prohibitions, sometimes by control of costs, sometimes by control

of prices. The notion that if only the Government removes its hand and liberates trade, prices will sink to a competitive level, is mere moonshine.

And yet the actual interferences of Governments, as we see, are foolish, wrong, and injurious. The combinations and other more or less monopolistic organizations of industry are bent upon exploiting this deserved unpopularity of the State in order to secure their own lucrative controls. What they want is privately combined profiteering supported by tariffs. The price question is the point of challenge. For it is upon high prices that the powers of capitalism converge. If democracy is to amount to anything as a practical governing force, it must take up this challenge. Vague tirades against profiteering are as futile as the corresponding attacks on trade union demands.

THE REMEDIES.

The remedies for high prices are (1) increased production, (2) the gradual deflation of the currency and the cancelling, say, of some two thousand millions of debt by a levy on war-profiteering, and (3) a regulation of the payments taken by capital and labor at critical points in the processes of production and distribution. The first is a counsel of mere common-sense fortified by accessible information. The letting down of production in war-time still continues. It must be stopped and production raised, as we know it can be, to above the pre-war level, so that enough real wealth can be distributed to satisfy the reasonable needs of all the community. This minimum requirement of a civilized society did not exist before the war. Wasteful as was the luxurious life of the few rich, it did not consume nearly enough to satisfy fully the legitimate needs of the many poor. More must be produced, without any increased strain upon labor, and it must be better distributed. This is technically feasible. The difficulty is a psychological or moral one. But it cannot be got over merely by preaching to employers and workmen. Government must be made to play its part in applying the two other remedies—deflation and price regulation.

WANTED, A NEW KIND OF GOVERNMENT.

Such a Government as the present cannot be trusted to apply either. It will continue to borrow and inflate, because it lacks the courage to practise honesty. Neither Capital nor Labor will trust it with the necessary powers to check profiteering and to regulate the prices to be paid to Capital and Labor for services rendered. These important and delicate economic functions of government demand a transformation of the spirit and structure of Government. At present bureaucracy conspires with capitalism to usurp these powers of Government. This vicious union is worse than ever before, and, what is more, the public has had illuminating glimpses into its working. Labor will not feel secure or cease from troubling until it has won direct and adequate representation on all bodies, Parliamentary or administrative, which perform the practical work of controlling industry. *In a word, Labor must share responsibility for government and for industry.* The restoration of industry can only be compassed by taking representatives of production and consumption into the structure of that part of Government which controls the processes of the economic life of the people. Until this is done, and the constitutional readjustments it demands are successfully accomplished, spasmodic bouts of direct action and other revolutionary outbursts

are likely to recur. This Government, the most definitely stupid for several generations, must be taught, if possible, that fumbling and tinkering are far more dangerous, even to property, than radical reforms; and if, as is likely, it proves too stupid to learn, a rally of self-preserving common-sense in the nation must demand its early dismissal. The country wants a Cabinet it can trust, and the best men in all parties must come in to it.

MR. CHURCHILL'S CLASS-WAR.

THE half-hearted middle-course which Mr. Churchill defended in Parliament on Tuesday in lieu of a policy towards Russia is, to our thinking, emphatically, the worst among the roads that are open to us. We are resolutely opposed to intervention in any form, but if intervention is to be our policy, there is much to be said for making it effective. Half-measures will probably fail, but if in the end they should succeed, it will be at the cost of a prolonged agony which will leave intact of Russian civilization little save the memory enshrined in its literature. The "Times" and other extremist advocates of intervention are perfectly reasonable, if one admits their premise, as Mr. Churchill and the Government do. If Bolshevism were at once a thing so vile that it must be rooted up at all costs, and none the less a thing so attractive that unless it be instantly rooted up, it will spread, then the wise course and the humane course would be to go to work with adequate forces. If we accepted this premise, we should not hesitate to act logically. A dismal experience shows that for one reason or another the native anti-Bolshevik forces are not capable of doing the work: if it must be done, then for pity's sake let the Western Allies act with resolution and send in their own armies in such measure as may be necessary to occupy Petrograd and Moscow. That course will not be followed, nor can it be followed, for the simple reason that no Western Army can be found to do the work without mutiny, while no Western working-class would look on at such an adventure for many weeks without resorting to the revolutionary strike. These big, swift, resolute tactics then are ruled out. Mr. Churchill (whose slippery statements require close attention) has even abandoned the policy of small Allied expeditions combined with Russian levies. Disaster has dogged his Archangel enterprise, which takes its place in history, beside the Antwerp and Gallipoli adventures. We are thus thrown back on the feeble middle-course of the subsidy and the blockade.

That course is the worst of all, because it is slow and because it inflicts upon the civil population of Russia the maximum of suffering. If in the end it achieves its purpose, no one supposes that the end can come in less than another year. Throughout that year, and for long after it, we must continue to pour out subsidies for the armies of Denikin and Koltchak. We must spend on them the credit which Europe in vain demands for reconstruction, and use the tonnage which ought to be carrying food and raw materials to every seaport of the Continent. Another winter of starvation and epidemics will still further reduce the population of Russia. The blockade excludes even medicines and sanitary appliances, and we may predict with certainty that typhus will rage again in the winter, and cholera in the summer of yet another year. For want of spare parts, tools, agricultural implements, and raw materials, the dwindling industries of the depopulated towns will sink still further into decay, the yield of the land will diminish, and little will be left of Russia save an anarchic collection of villages

in which life has slipped back to the primitive conditions of the days before Peter the Great. Assume, if you will, for argument's sake, that Koltchak and Denikin are not the blundering military autocrats whom we take them to be, surrounded by the "dark forces" of the Tsarist reaction, but brilliant organizers and sigh-souled democrats. On these ruins they could not build with success, and people who imagine that a rich trade could be conducted with the "Supreme Ruler" would discover that Russia called only for more subsidies, more loans, and more goods on credit.

We have taken the more favorable assumption from the standpoint of the Government. Our own belief is that it is a mistaken assumption. The probability in our view is that tanks and poison gas, subsidies and military missions, will not in the end secure the victory of Koltchak and Denikin, though they can prolong the agony. We believe they will fail, because the whole weight of the evidence goes to show that even in Siberia, where Bolshevism has little footing, the population is opposed to our intervention and to the politicians and soldiers whom we have elected to assist. The revolt of the Russian regiments which we had fed, clothed, and trained at no small cost round Omsk and Archangel is typical of what is happening on a larger scale elsewhere. In Siberia, while the Zemstvos pass resolutions against Koltchak, the peasants rise in his rear, and his troops go over to the Soviets. If the Japanese and Allied contingents were withdrawn from Siberia, we imagine that the Supreme Ruler would disappear within a month. He has cadres, but no soldiers; officers, but no men; officials, but no willing subjects. It is possible that Denikin may fare somewhat better so long as he is acting in the Cossack country, but he stands for the same anti-popular cause, and if he can advance much further, will probably meet the same fate. Russia is rallying to the Soviet Government, not necessarily because it accepts the Soviet thesis, but because, if it must choose, it prefers Sovietism to Tsarism backed by foreign bayonets. We are re-creating a Russian nationalism against ourselves. It gives us, however, little satisfaction to anticipate that sooner or later this policy of the subsidy and the blockade will fail, and its authors will be forced to make terms with Lenin. The interval will be one of untold misery and suffering. Sovietism will be unable to develop its better constructive side, for it must give all its attention to the civil war. Whole regions, meanwhile, are apt to escape from any regular rule, whether White or Red. Both are ruthless, but their severity is mercy compared with the deeds of such bandit chiefs as Grigorieff, who seems to be devastating the Ukraine like some Tartar conqueror.

There is another alternative. When one cannot effectively make war, it is as well to consider the possibilities of peace. It may be said that the safety of European society is involved in the destruction of Bolshevism. For our part we believe that Bolshevism is a danger to Europe only when it is attacked. The much saner Socialism of the west rallies to it only because it sees in this Russian war a type of the class conflict. Mr. Smillie and his miners are not Bolsheviks by conviction, and Mr. Churchill has no right to call them so only because he forces them to act in *political* defence of men who belong to their class and are their comrades in Socialism. If Bolshevism, in spite of its hateful violence, and the disorganization and starvation which in part it has caused, none the less spreads, it owes its extension not to its own inherent attraction, but to the follies and violence of its enemies. By making war on this Socialist State, simply because it is a Socialist State, Mr. Churchill and his kind themselves go far towards

accepting the quite unnecessary thesis of the "inevitable" class-war. If that were once proclaimed, we must expect that much which is young and ardent and sincere in the Labor movement, both here and on the Continent, would take its place in the proletarian ranks. That clarification of outlook, that sharpening of latent antagonisms has gone on, first in Germany and now here, ever since the days of Brest-Litovsk. Lenin and Trotsky have been better prophets than most of us. They believed in a German revolution when none of us thought it possible, and they knew how to foster it. It was in great part the sharpening of the class cleavage in Germany, due to the mishandling of Soviet Russia at Brest, which hastened the German revolution. The bullies of Brest forced the German working class to take its stand definitely on one side of a sharply drawn line. -Mr. Churchill is acting to-day as the rulers of Germany acted then. The worst part of a bad business is that the whole policy is smeared with the calculations of finance.

It is because we desire peace at home as well as in Russia that we call for the instant liquidation of this whole adventure. So long as the blockade and this subsidized civil strife continue, so long will the challenge of a visible class-war disturb the minds of our workers at home. For our part, even if we shared Mr. Churchill's estimate of the Bolshevik State, we should still deny stoutly, as Mr. Asquith denies, that it was any part of our business to crusade against it. But is it not clear that a part at least of the charges brought against it is the work of excitement, of ignorance, and in some cases sheer mendacity? Again and again the victims of its Terror have risen from the dead, forgeries have been exposed, while the silly tale of the nationalization of women is a lie that discredits only those who repeat it. Last summer there was doubtless a shameful reign of terror. In places the reign still continues, but at its worst it seems to have been less murderous than the terror of the Whites, and it plainly was, like the Terror in France, the effect of a combination of civil strife with an attack from without. To-day the trend of Lenin's policy is towards moderation and the toleration of opposition, provided that its methods are those of open criticism. In spite of civil war and the blockade, a work is being done for the education of the whole people, and never since 1793 has a State done so much for the encouragement of science. General Smuts was probably right when he suggested that Sovietism may have a future, and may purge itself of the crudities which belonged to a time of war and famine. As for the argument that Germany will dominate Russia if we allow the Soviets to survive, that is an echo of the old superstition that Lenin was a hireling of the Kaiser. We take him to be, on the contrary, a much abler and more masterful personality than anyone now ruling in Berlin. That Germany will trade with Soviet Russia we do not deny. That is her right: there will be mutual gain in it. Germany must have a market, and Russia must buy technical skill. From a disarmed Germany there is no danger, or if there be one we shall make it only by closing every outlet to her. There is no difficulty, save in the perversity of our own rulers, in making peace. The terms are drafted, the terms which Mr. Bullitt carried from Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George to Lenin. They have been accepted. A flash of a wireless message would suffice to put them in force. We believe that if the blockade were raised, the Nansen proposals revived, and peace concluded on the Bullitt terms, Russia would be within three months on the high road to political and economic health.

WHAT IS A MANDATE ?

THERE are other "acid tests" besides Russia of the new order which the Allied and Associated Powers propose to put upon the world. One of the most important, is the scheme laid down in the Covenant of the League of Nations for assigning mandates to administer the former German colonies and the greater part of the Turkish Empire.

The accepted theory was that these conquered enemy possessions ought not to be restored to owners who had misgoverned them and cruelly mishandled their inhabitants, but that "the tutelage of such peoples should be entrusted to advanced nations who by reason of their resources, their experience or their geographical position, can best undertake this responsibility and are willing to accept it, and that this tutelage should be exercised by them as mandatories on behalf of the League." Having regard to the general atmosphere of Paris and the terms of peace that have emerged it is only natural that this proposal should be critically examined. What is to distinguish this "tutelage" and "trusteeship" from the "protectorates" which have hitherto existed, under which the protecting power has commonly preferred its own interests to those of its ward when the two appeared to conflict? Will a change of language effect a change of heart or of administrative policy? Even if the League lays down sound and just principles of administration, can it make this international control effective where there is a strong disposition in the mandatory power to defeat it? There are three sometimes distinguishable interests operating, that of the mandated people, that of the mandatory power, and that of the other nations of the world. The first by general admission should be paramount. But there must be some suspicion lest the trustee should prefer his own interest to that of his ward, upon the one hand, and of other outside nations, envisaged as trade rivals, on the other.

The action has been doubtful. The scramble for these mandatory powers among the Allies, and the official announcement on the very day the peace with Germany was signed allotting the whole of the German colonies to members of the British Empire and Japan, without waiting for the formal authorization of the League suggested that the Big Four were only covering up a fresh division of spoils under this fine language of trusteeship. Will the mandates in form and in fact secure the inhabitants of the mandatory areas from exploitation in the interests of the members of the mandatory State is the chief question raised by the very searching Memorandum just presented to the Government by the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society.

The initial security is the right of the people put under a mandate to be consulted as to the Power under which they are to be placed. Mr. Lloyd George gave an explicit undertaking that, "so far as practicable" this should be done. But no provision seems to have been made for carrying the promise into effect. In the Covenant the proviso that "the wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the mandatory" is confined to areas of the Turkish Empire, though equally urgent and applicable in the case of the African and other colonies. The body of the Memorandum is devoted to presenting the terms of a really equitable and effective form of mandate. First and foremost are the provisions against slave-owning, slave-

trading and forced labor, the alienation of native lands to white settlers, concessionaires and other business exploiters, and abuses of the taxing-power either for revenue, economic preference, or as a means of "making the black man work." Next in order of importance are provisions against the traffic in and supply of spirituous liquors and arms and ammunition. The organization of armed forces except for purposes of internal order.

The language of the Covenant in reference to access, trading and other economic rights of other nations, in these mandatory areas, is most unsatisfactory. Nowhere is there a clear declaration of that full equality which is the only sound security for peace and for fair economic development. As regards the Central African areas, there are to be "equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of these members of the League," but not for the outside world. For the rest, we only hear of "equitable treatment," which is distinguished from "equal," and may mean anything. Nor is there anything in the Covenant to prevent a mandatory from favoring its nationals in the bestowal of public contracts, concessions for mines, railways, and other lucrative investments of capital. Mere equality of trading rights is of secondary importance compared with the opportunity of exploiting the natural resources of the tropics. Both equalities are demanded in the Memorandum, though we gravely doubt whether the proposed refusal of "any monopoly or privilege of any sort in mining, commercial or industrial matters" can be defended. If it is desired to build a railway, or perform other public works, a monopoly is necessary. The essential thing is that contracts, leases, or other business arrangements, should be open to equal competition, and should not be worked to the detriment of native rights.

But apart from all such provisions for the specific protection of the natives and equality of opportunity for the world, there is the deeper purpose of the Trust. The enforcement of this mandate is justified on the plea that some peoples are not yet capable of full self-government. Grant that this is so. Still the real test of the validity of the mandate will be the efficiency of its government to educate, prepare and stimulate the people of the country to attain as soon as possible a true capacity for self-government. "The purpose should be kept in view of securing for the natives full citizenship in the mandated area." Now full citizenship means independence. Do the Great Powers, who are dividing among themselves these conquered colonies and territories, really regard this mandate as inspired by this central purpose or are they secretly or openly congratulating themselves upon large new accessions to their Empires? We wonder. If the former, well; if the latter, we regard with the gravest misgiving what is in effect an absorption by a few already overgrown Empires of the large fresh section of the earth. This power will not only place in their hands the fate of more subject populations, but will give them a virtual monopoly of many of the most important natural resources of the world. But suppose that we, as a nation and a Government, were attuned in spirit to the acceptance of the liberal and disinterested use of the mandatory power defined in this Memorandum, and were willing to administer the areas mandated to us in this new spirit. Are we convinced that all our Allies, or even our own Dominions, are prepared to rise to the same level of justice and humanity?

Suppose, again, that the League of Nations fully accepted the safeguards laid down in this Memor-

andum and sought to secure a completely disinterested management. Has it the power to make this purpose good? Take the example of the class of mandatory areas which are to be administered by our Dominions or Japan "as integral parts of their territory." Is it seriously contended that some Committee of the League can interfere with effect in tariff and other matters when the mandatory extends his domestic legislation over these new territories? Can France or Italy be prevented from applying to her new territory the policy she has always applied in her old?

We do not rule out the possibility of this disinterested trusteeship. Indeed, should it be successfully administered, it carries benefits far exceeding the large limits of its present application. For it must become evident that, if the mandatory policy can be made the basis of sound and humane relations between advanced and backward peoples in the conquered German and Turkish territories, the policy should be extended until it becomes of general application throughout the various Empires. Indeed, there can be neither sense nor justice in confining to a limited section of tropical Africa the more liberal policy of the mandate, when it would be equally beneficial in its extension to all other existing colonies and protectorates, to whatever Western Power they may belong. If it were possible to get the rulers of the Western World to accept this wise and humane interpretation of their proposals, a great step would have been taken towards converting this false peace into a true one. And the very soul of Imperialism might be changed.

THE PUNJAB STORM CENTRE.

THERE is no graver or more insistent problem in the British Dominions to-day than that created by the recent administration of the Punjab. It will be recalled that, in April last, the agitation against the Rowlatt Sedition Act led to riots and outrages in many cities of Upper India, and that, as a consequence, large tracts of the Punjab were placed under martial law. Martial Law Commissions were set up for the trial of persons accused in connection with the rising, and during the past three months these tribunals have been steadily at work, applying their extraordinary powers to many hundreds of men and youths. Down to the middle of June, 596 had been tried. Of these seventy-seven were condemned to death, and 305 to terms of rigorous imprisonment. Towards the end of June, a number of the more extreme sentences were reduced by Sir Edward Maclagan, lieutenant-governor of the province. But when petitions were addressed to the Viceroy by several representative Indian associations in Bombay and Bengal, praying for a postponement of the executions in those cases which were under appeal to the Privy Council, Lord Chelmsford replied that he was unable to act. Thereupon the President of the Indian National Congress cabled to the Secretary of State and to Lord Sinha, Under-Secretary, calling their attention to the Viceroy's refusal and summarizing the salient facts behind the appeals. There is, we need hardly say, no possibility that the executions will be carried out while the appeals are pending: but this circumstance makes it all the more difficult to explain Lord Chelmsford's negative at a time when every false step on the part of the Government increases the apprehension of the Indian public.

The hearing of the appeals has, in the meantime, begun before the Privy Council. Last week Sir John Simon appeared on behalf of twenty-one men, all but one of whom had been condemned to death for complicity in the fatal burning of the National Bank at Amritsar. Leave to appeal was granted, not, as Lord Haldane explained, upon the legal grounds, but simply in order to guard against the possibility of a miscarriage of justice. Other appeals are now due, including those of several political leaders, at Lahore and Amritsar, who were condemned a month ago to death, or to transportation for life with confiscation of property. Public opinion in India has been stirred in an extraordinary degree by these sentences, and, it would seem, more particularly by the penalties imposed upon three prominent medical men of Amritsar, upon Mr. Harkishen Lal, the barrister whose case we have already dealt with, and Mr. Kalinath Roy, editor of the Lahore "Tribune." The last-named, having been refused information as to the charges against him, and prevented, like Mr. Harkishen Lal and others, from employing counsel of his choice, was first given two years' imprisonment with a fine of 1,000 rupees, and then, in response to widespread public protest, had his sentence reduced to three months.

Two large questions of policy are involved in this situation. The first concerns the attitude of the Imperial Government towards the Punjab Executive, its policy and conduct. In the midst of the upheaval, certainly more serious than any that has occurred in India for a generation, the government of the Punjab passed from the hands of Sir Michael O'Dwyer into those of Sir Edward Maclagan. Seldom has a public indictment of an administration been more unanimous or specific. The Indian case is that throughout the war period Sir Michael O'Dwyer ruled the province by the hardest Prussian methods, which in the later stage developed into complete military despotism. And it is urged that two things must at once be done: (1) the closing of the Martial Law Commissions; (2) the appointment of an independent commission of inquiry, empowered to go into the whole administration of the O'Dwyer period.

The second question was raised, in a letter to THE NATION last week, by that fine Liberal and consistent friend of India, Mr. Charles Roberts. As Mr. Roberts sees it, care should be taken to prevent the bitter disputes provoked by the miserable events in the Punjab from being mixed up with the immediate task of Parliament and the Government of India: which is, the shaping of a reform scheme to provide the basis for a new system of responsible self-government. But, unhappily, the two things are not separable. If Mr. Roberts and his friends, or the Joint Committee on the Montagu Bill, should attempt to keep them apart, they will find themselves brought up against an impossible position. The educated classes, with and through whom alone we can hope to establish a new order in India, are to-day in a condition of resentment, by reason, almost entirely, of the Punjab. Tagore's famous letter to the Viceroy is the unanswerable proof of this. And Mr. Montagu has a further proof at hand. The Indian deputations, now in London, especially the constitutional moderates, make no secret of their declining hopes. They are being overborne by the evidence that the Indian people refuse to be interested in constitutional reform: their minds are filled with the methods and results of executive action. The truth, surely, is plain. The Government's scheme will require the maximum of consent and goodwill; and we cannot expect to attain that unless and until the right atmosphere is created.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

My attention has been drawn to some statements as to the investments of Ministers in Russian securities, which appeared in last week's issue. Those investments were, I am told on unquestioned authority, all made before the war, that is to say, under circumstances in which their political propriety cannot for a moment be doubted, and have not since been increased. This was the case with Mr. Austen Chamberlain's holding—not a large one—in the Sissert Mining Company, and with similar investments of Mr. Walter Long and Sir Eric and Sir Auckland Geddes. Sir Eric, for example, originally invested in 1911, while Sir Auckland, though, as stated in THE NATION, he appeared as a shareholder on the books of the Kyshtim Corporation in January of this year, just about that time sold his holding, which he acquired in 1913, at a considerable loss in order to invest the proceeds in Victory Loan. The entries quoted were *successive* entries, and in no way records of *increased* holdings. The inference that they stood for increases has, however, been made, and it is quite incorrect. Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues had a right to invest their money in Russian enterprises, and indeed I never questioned it or thought that he or they would be personally influenced by a trifling investment. The only point of doubt suggested was the general wisdom or the propriety of Ministers making or increasing them after the conflict with Bolshevism arose. This has been entirely removed and I, of course, absolutely withdraw any suggestion of improper conduct against any of the Ministers named, and express my unqualified regret to them for any misunderstanding which has thereby arisen.

Of course, these remarks apply equally to Lord Reading, whose investment was made long before the war, when the transaction was as innocent as one in Consols.

JUDGING by my Irish correspondence, there is not much chance that, as it stands, Irish Nationalism, of the Left or the Right will accept the "Times'" scheme of Irish reform. If this plan had started from an All-Ireland Parliament, with Dominion powers, all might have been well. But the proposal to begin with two Provincial Councils, and to delegate from them (and only if Ulster is willing) to a Central Parliament will not do. Clearly it puts the key to Ireland's development in Ulster's hands. If (say the Nationalists) Ulster knew that its separation from Ireland depended on its own vote and that it had to choose between partition and an Irish Parliament, the real issue would at once arise. Four counties at most would vote themselves out, and possibly only two. But to give Ulster a Council, based on over-representation and fancy franchises, and then chance a Central Parliament, is not good enough. Even if the Parliament ever sat, its laws would be subject to the veto not only of the Imperial Parliament, but of the province. The "clean cut" would be executed between North and South, and the wound, deliberately opened, would never really heal again. This is how my Irish friends criticize the constitution-making of the "Times," and I see that Mr. Erskine Childers (no mean authority) backs them with all his strength.

BOTHWELL is surely a great and a happy event. It is the green light which shows up against the red light of direct action. Labor has in a few weeks turned a

Government majority of 300 into a Labor majority of 7,000. That may be held to show the caprice of the representative system, but not its decease, or even its decline. It is true that nothing palpable and immediate happens. This ridiculous Parliament goes on. But the Russian expedition is dead, and Mr. Churchill's speech merely marks the headstone on its grave. And the whole disposition of the country towards the Government is changed. Men begin to realize its instability, and the rapidity with which public opinion is being formed against it. How long can it last? Mr. George might at any moment elect to say that he could not carry on, that he lacked a party, that criticism was general and unlimited, and the country plainly dissatisfied with his rule. Normally, this vehement and ever increasing movement would find expression in the House of Commons. The strategy of the Khaki Election stops its natural vent. So it breaks through in a kind of electoral *plébiscite*. And nothing stops it.

COULD anything like such a reaction be expected from a *plébiscite* under direct action? I doubt it. The act would not be a national one. It would be said that the workmen themselves were divided. Even if a majority voted the resolution for a stoppage, they would be a majority only of the workmen in some trades who happened to have the power of arresting the machinery of the State. Thousands of these workmen, and great numbers of the other classes (who also belong to the State), would object, and a tumult of voices would arise, some angry and protesting, others angry and assenting. Could there be anything more remote from a decisive, a national, act?

"DIRECT ACTION" is, I suppose, a last resort of an assailed and otherwise defeated democracy. One feels that, in a time like this, and with men such as those who govern us, the last rights of the people are not really safe: anything might happen. Mr. Churchill, I am told, is still pouring munitions into Russia. Munitions must be carried in ships, and that means a subtraction from a hard-pressed world of the means of its livelihood. The people, no doubt, are to blame for electing such men to govern them. But if the representative system is unscrupulously handled, as it has been handled, they may be deceived, and by a single unrealized act find themselves committed irrevocably, or for a generation. What they want is to get more real control, so that the actual life of the worker-citizen may be freed from the kind of ruin which, for example, a prolonged state of war in Europe must bring upon it. This is not to say that the weapon of direct action should be wasted, as I think it would be wasted by a rather futile protest, made on a mixed and vanishing case of discontent with the Government. But until we make a true settlement with Labor, it will be in reserve, just as in the last resort Revolution is always "in reserve." Our business is to keep it there. And that is what statesmanship is made for.

A POINT on the economic situation: Are the embargoes legal? Remember their origin. They were originally imposed by the Board of Trade for the purpose of fighting the German submarine blockade. But at the General Election the country was given to understand that the restrictions on trade and personal liberty were to be removed. In fact the present Lord Chancellor stated on the platform that he was engaged in stripping D.O.R.A. of her skirts. After the election, some of

the embargoes were removed. Then the protected manufacturers began to cry out, and the policy of rationing and licensing imports was revived. The Government promised to prepare a suitable tariff and to drop the embargoes in September.

THEREUPON questions began to be asked about the law. The Board of Trade admitted that they were not acting under the Defence of the Realm Act, but claimed the protection of a section of the Customs Consolidation Act of 1876. The announcement made a great stir among members of the Bar. The section in question certainly does give power to the Government to lay embargoes on arms, munitions, and other things without the authority of Parliament. But "other things" in such a connection must mean other *like* things, and we have the authority of Sir John Simon, not to mention many other legal authorities, for thinking that no court of law could possibly put upon this section the meaning required, if the Minister is to be cleared of the charge of having acted unlawfully. Moreover, even if the Statute could be held to authorize embargoes on ordinary commodities, there is nothing to legitimize the issue of licenses to favored persons.

MR. MCKENNA's succession to Sir Edward Holden in the chairmanship of the City and Midland Bank is something to be glad and sorry for. It is a pity to lose an able and highly experienced politician from a party not now too rich in gifts or in experience. But ability goes where power goes, and in the years before us it is the banker-statesman who will really be in charge of this distracted sphere. In America he is already a marked and a rapidly evolving type: here he is less developed. Mr. McKenna is of the class of men who think easily and rapidly in figures. But he is more than this. He realizes also that on the right and fair use of money the world's salvation depends. And it is good to have that kind of conscience at work at such a power-station as the City and Midland.

I WAS delighted to see this week a strong letter of protest against the Plumage Trade, signed by as representative a list of distinguished men as has appeared since the anti-Sweating agitation. There must be a pretty strong feeling against this evil traffic when Mr. George Lansbury and Brigadier-General Page Croft march as privates in the same company of good soldiers. The artists and men of letters are to be taken more or less for granted, but it is an impressive tribute to the solid right thinking of this country to see so many names of great scientists in the list. The fallacy that this movement is conducted by "cranks" and "sentimentalists" could not have been more effectively exposed. For the signatories to the letter are the knowledge and conscience of England, and it is impossible for any Government to ignore them.

SCENE in the Alhambra on the last night of the Russian Ballet:—House packed to the doors, the company called to the front again and again—twenty or thirty times over—and the leading members almost buried beneath bouquets of flowers of the costliest kind, the audience blazing with jewels and feminine splendor, and wild with enthusiasm. And the state of finance such that our boldest and ablest leaders tremble at it.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE CIVILIAN WAR-MIND.

I.

WHEN a schoolboy on first reading Homer find his heroes on the battlefield bragging before gods and men of their personal prowess and courage and the righteousness of their cause, and heaping abusive epithets upon the enemy, it seems to him "bad form" and a bit ridiculous as well. As he grows more familiar and sympathetic with the *naïveté* of the primitive mind this feeling passes away, and a certain charm attaches to these simple utterances of natural emotion. It is only in the third move that we appreciate the essential humor of the situation. It consists in the unconscious and confident parade of our secret passions as authentic and disinterested standards of objective values. This is everywhere and always the staple of the human comedy. It has grown with civilization, and is bred of its bone. For civilization has been continually engaged in repressing this natural tendency of a strong personal bias to usurp the throne of judgment and to pose as objective truth. It is partly for the sake of peace and order that civilized society forbids us openly to dilate upon our own merits and the defects of those whom we dislike, and partly out of a growing regard for stricter and juster judgments than are thus provided.

This social censorship of naïve emotional confessions is, as Freud has well indicated, a condition of the play of the comic spirit in the fields of wit and humor. Chaff, satire, badinage, in particular, are ingenious modes of dodging the censor and winning outlets for our suppressed personal feelings about ourselves and other people. But the very ingenuity of such displays, by introducing an element of self-consciousness, impairs the simple self-deception which is the deeper nature of humor. For the sharp contradiction between what a man is thinking or doing and what he believes himself to be thinking or doing depends on the sincerity of the man's belief. That is why hypocrisy is not humorous save in a merely superficial way. For the conscious pretender fills us with disgust, and so destroys the sympathy upon which the sentiment of humor depends. If a Tartuffe or a Chadband amuses us, it is because the general presumption in favor of truth is so strong that their exaggerated professions of virtue for the moment half-deceive us into thinking them genuine, as children half-believe the most preposterous pretensions of their games. The real comedy lies in disillusionment, in the sudden confrontation of fancies with the facts of life. Perhaps the most poignant form of comedy is the sudden exhibition of the falsehood of our self-appreciation. For most of our disparagement of other people is not gratuitous malice. It is incidental to the process of trying to think and feel ourselves to be better than we really are. We run ourselves up by running others down.

Homeric heroes openly boasted themselves by blackening their enemies. Presumably they felt better and braver after doing so: the rite had "survival value." But a man who does this sort of thing in civilized society is a "bounder," an object of contempt and ridicule. Nevertheless the old primitive desire to do this very thing remains, and seeks ways of getting round the social censor. It usually finds a way for this self-boosting by collective action. He may talk "heroically" about his school, his party, his country, and disparage other schools, parties and countries, though he knows and everybody knows that he did not choose his school, party, or country, and that if he had happened to belong to any other his valuations would have been reversed.

Patriotism gives the finest field for this play of the comic spirit. For there the self-boosting which provides itself with this collective wrapping presents itself as a lofty and disinterested duty. We ought to feel proud of our country and to feed this pride by talking "big" about it and belittling other countries in comparison. We ought to read all history, past and present, in the

light of this obligation, seeing our own country in the centre of the picture, valuing evidence and interpreting events in a favorable light. But, if we are patriots, we ought to feel, while we are doing this, that we are not falsifying facts. The essence of patriotism consists, indeed, in believing somehow, not pretending to believe, that the glorification of our country (with ourselves as the secret core) is consistent with a truthful and dispassionate assessment of evidence. The feeling "My country true or false" would spoil the patriotism. It would also spoil the comedy, by introducing the factor of conscious dishonesty. The genuineness of the conviction that your country is absolutely right, your enemy absolutely wrong, and that your judgment in this matter is absolutely reliable, being founded on a full and fair consideration of all the evidence, is essential to the process.

Civilian life in such a war as that through which we have been passing has been a priceless and unique opportunity for these displays of the comic spirit. The fighting men are too immersed in the hard facts to play illusionizing tricks with them. It is the spectatorial mind and its curious caperings and attitudinizing that give us our material. Psychologists speak of the herd-mind set up by intensity of common fear or other emotions, and obliging everyone to feel together, think together, act together, for the common safety or the attainment of some other common vital purpose. The subjugation of the separate personality, with its emotional self-control, its more or less disinterested desire for truth, its habit of testing evidence and forming reasonable judgments, to the mastery of the herd-mind is particularly interesting and amusing where minds of high personal culture are involved. The average sensual man does so little real thinking, and his emotions stand at so primitive a level, that the inflamed irrationality of the war-mind there involves no great sacrifice of personality.

The comedy is enacted among men and women of refined natures and cultivated understandings. The abject and unconscious surrender of so many "educated" persons to the ravages of the herd-mind in the years of war has been a disconcerting exhibition of the instability of the higher qualities of personality. Bottomless credulity, insane suspicion, blazing hatred, unashamed brutality, were exhibited by the gentlest natures. But the most distinctive and widespread trait was the naïve vain-glory which was the characteristic of the primitive fighting man, accompanied by all his antics of self-praise and vituperation of the enemy, elaborated to fit the modern circumstances. In ordinary times an English gentleman who persisted in explaining to all his friends what an excellent fellow he was, how public-spirited and wholly disinterested his conduct, how high-minded his intentions, and what a black-hearted, treacherous villain his enemy was, how cruel, greedy and unscrupulous, and who ended by applauding his own sense of justice and his modesty, would soon become a "butt" to his club companions and acquaintances. The more he produced of his selected facts to support his self-appraisal and the more he insisted upon the impartiality of his presentment the more ridiculous he would make himself. Yet this is precisely what the herd-mind of war-patriotism stampeded us into doing. No sooner did it seize us than the howling dervishes of the press proclaimed "the holy war," and all our intellectual and spiritual leaders ranged themselves in bands to testify, each in its proper manner, to the truth and justice of the herd's cause and the utter falsehood of all opposing pleas. Truth, usually so hard to find in the tangled affairs of men, became at once transparent; moral responsibility, so difficult to gauge and to distribute, became for this occasion simplicity itself. Our clergy were genuinely shocked at the blasphemy of the enemy in claiming that "the holy war" was theirs, while all the time the hypocrites knew that it was ours. Our philosophers were quick to trace the poison of materialism and absolutism lurking even in the text of Kant; our men of letters found even in Goethe the wicked "will to power"; our scientists had long detected the essential barrenness of Germany for big creative ideas, finding her a nest of pilfering adapters; our historians with quick pen re-draw modern world-

history in black and white. This war was so different from every other war. In others the issues were confused, the motives mixed, here everything was plain and certain to every honest mind. The herd-mind of the enemy stampeded their intellectual and moral leaders into identical postures. The "easy virtue" of the most scrupulous scholars and scientists of every nation, conspiring to uphold the patriotic case presented to them by their several Governments, is an interesting record in war psychology. "Theirs not to reason why," theirs to line up for intellectual and moral support behind the fighting forces of their country. A veritable triumph of Pragmatism, the instructive attestation of truth as beliefs which help to win the war! The eager industry with which the intellectuals of the contending herds fed them with this war-truth furnishes a valuable commentary on the subjectivity of knowledge.

This process has gone on so long that our intellectual digestion has become well adapted to the process. The Russian news of recent months affords a serviceable test. Although we are well aware that the Russian news served out to us is censored and selected, that contradiction of it, were it false, would be precluded, and that only sources favorable to the accepted policy are tapped, we find it quite easy to assimilate all the stories of revolting cruelty, appalling anarchy and impending collapse charged against the Bolshevik administration by its enemies. We no longer regard impartiality or opportunity of cross-examination as necessary safeguards in the search for political truth. In such material the "will to believe" replaces all other canons.

In a war for truth and justice, justice suffers the same change as truth. Just as truth is what helps to win the war, so justice is the terms imposed by the conquerors. That being so, we recognize that this is a just peace. So M. Clemenceau, Mr. George, and even Mr. Wilson assert. The ordinary mind, I think, never having studied Plato, or heard of Thrasymachus, takes what it regards as a common sense view of justice, consisting in the application of two tests. First, it assumes that the wickedness of "the enemy" is so great that any sort or size of injuries inflicted on him, or his posterity, falls short of his "deserts." Secondly, it accepts a working definition of justice as doing to another as you think he would have done to you. In the application of these tests, they brush aside all scruples about the innocent suffering for the sins of their rulers. And this gives a very interesting instance of the "herd-mind" that dominates them. To their thinking there are not any innocent Germans, because they have lost the power of individualizing. There is not a German, but only "the Germans." Therefore, when you press the blockade after the enemy has surrendered, you are not starving particular German children and old folk (though these die), but only bringing pressure upon Germany. So it seemed natural, and just, early in the war to beat and plunder shopkeepers with German names in reprisal for barbarous acts done by German soldiers or sailors. It was the sentiment of collective responsibility usurping the judgment throne, the herd sense of justice. Critical observers may complain that this attitude is inconsistent with the charge of military autocracy in Germany, to destroy which we went to war. Such an autocracy, they argue, is the negation of real collective responsibility. But there is a separate humor in the notion that you can pin down the herd-mind by the canon of contradiction. The herd-mind recognizes no such law. It is a swivel-mind, easily adjustable to any point of view that is convenient. It has its sophists who will reconcile collective responsibility with autocracy by telling you that servility involves consent. But it does not really need logical defences, for it is pre-logical, or, if you will, a-logical. In the herd-mind justice is synonymous with unmeasured retribution inflicted on the rival herd. It is not "an eye for an eye." There is no real question of measure or of forms.

And here we approach the core of humor in the comedy of Paris, the savage herd-mind arraying itself in the ceremonial robes appropriate to civilized justice, like a naked Polynesian parading in top-hat and spats. It began

with the solemn appointment of a Commission of the leading Allied and Associated Powers to make an impartial inquiry into the question of responsibility for the war, and it ended in the Article of the Peace Treaty setting up "a special tribunal" to try "William II. of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, for a supreme offence against international morality and the sanctity of treaties." Who is to try this charge against "international morality?" An international court composed of presumably impartial neutrals? Not so. The court is to be composed entirely of the Kaiser's enemies, who are to be at once prosecutors, judges, and executioners. The law, the facts, the verdict, and the penalty are all to be found by the complainants, who have already openly and repeatedly committed themselves to the guilt of the defendant. Yet listen to the solemn asseveration of his own high-mindedness and equity by Mr. Justice Lynch: "In its decision the tribunal will be guided by the highest motives of international policy, with a view to vindicating the solemn obligations of international undertakings and the validity of international morality." And in a court so constituted Mr. Lloyd George dares to say "They will get a fair trial, all of them, an absolutely fair trial." He adds that "We have got to show that we are a civilized people" and that this is a way of showing it. If this were sheer hypocrisy, disgust would banish humor. But the essential comedy lies in the innocence of those who utter and those who accept these brave assertions of our fitness to be judges in our own case.

FINE FEATHERS MAKE EMPTY NESTS.

An ornithologist who has just written a long book about birds is much put out by the attitude of a few cranks. I am a humanist, he says, and only respect humanity. If "birds get in our way, they must go," and he points out one practical means. That is to rid ourselves of the crude superstition "against eating any birds outside game and poultry." Well enough in its way. But there is a better, surer, speedier method and one, too, which has the advantage of engaging the arts and the emotions. It would be very nice to eat half-a-dozen humming birds on a round of toast, but how much more delicate and poetic to wear them in a hat! The argument is indeed so obvious that our refined modern European civilization has not hesitated to put it into practice, the single drawback being that, on account of the scarcity of raw material, it will not be able to do so much longer. It is the custom nowadays to regard Nature as cruel, but surely her real offence is a criminal deficiency both in artistic productiveness and in business foresight. The economic use of wild birds' plumage in women's hats is a striking example in mankind of both. The woman is lovelier and the trader is wealthier. Yet Nature, who, according to the best judge—a plume trader—created "all birds, beasts and fishes for the use of men and his womenkind" has actually made no provision for an inexhaustible supply of them. Take the egret, whose beautiful white pennants are to be seen to-day in thousands rising from the head-dresses of women in our streets. Nature's clumsy expedient is to grow these plumes out of the bird's shoulders only as a nuptial ornament, with the result that when they are torn out of the living bird, the nestlings are left to starve to death. But, replies Nature, I have tried to make it up to your womenkind and your tradesmen in other ways. I have made my egret of a whiteness so pure, so exquisite that your scientists call it alba, immaculata and candidissima, and one of them, a great artist as well, declares of that whiteness that "it is as if the bird had some luminous quality existing within itself, which shows through the plumage, and gives it among birds something of a supernatural appearance." We justly reply that the point is the appearance of the egret's plumes not in the egret but in women's hats. They must very soon cease so to adorn them, because your primitive reliance upon the reproductive process makes it necessary for us when we shoot out a colony to leave the young to die.

"How long," said "The Times" in 1893, "will women tolerate a fashion which involves such wholesale, wanton and hideous cruelty as this?" They have tolerated it so comfortably that the whole earth from the tropics to the Polar seas is strewn with the wreckage of these marvellous painted ships of the air. As the massacre proceeds, the remnants of the birds, like some routed fairy army, flee to swamps and jungles inaccessible to all but the hunters, who have already turned the world into a wilderness to gratify a wanton fashion. They hunt them out, scattering torture and death among every living warm-blooded creature with a pair of wings.

"When I was in Florida in 1878," wrote Mr. E. H. Forbush, ornithologist to the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, "one heronry (of egrets) was estimated to contain three million birds. Now they are practically extirpated." Mr. A. C. Bent in "Reports on Bird Colonies in Virginia," declared in 1907:—

"The colony of Lesser Terns on Cobb's Island, Virginia, has been thoroughly annihilated for millinery purposes. Our guides told us of the immense numbers of these birds that were slaughtered within the past few years; the figures were almost incredible. He and nearly all the gunners and fishermen on the coast took a hand in the game, and they kept at it until the last one was gone, though at first the supply seemed inexhaustible."

One of the traders in London, in answer to a charge made in the "Observer," gave his word that the albatross had never been used for the plume trade. Mr. Byran, the United States Special Inspector of Animals and Birds, reported to his Government in 1904 that 300,000 albatrosses had been destroyed on the Island of Laysan, their principal breeding station in the Pacific. Professor Homer Dill, who was sent on the U.S. steamer *Thetis* to investigate a plume raid upon an adjacent group of islands, found the albatross "wiped out of existence" on Marcus Island and Midway Island, "covered with great heaps of albatross carcasses. These heartless, sanguinary pirates had cut the wings from the living birds and left them to die of hemorrhage."

Another of the brethren demanded an "impartial judge," who would not only be free of the prejudices of "sentimentalists and extremists," but presumably would have no shares in the traffic. Possibly the Ancient Mariner would do. Mr. Vernon Bailey, of the U.S.A. Biological Survey, reported:—

"While among the nests (grebes) watching the brave, beautiful little people building and guarding their homes and caring for their young, I could hear the guns of the skin hunters along the shores of the lake all day, and I was told that from early spring until the lakes freeze in fall the trade goes on, though most successfully in the breeding season."

Mr. Chapman (Curator, American Museum of Natural History, New York), spoke in 1907 of the "complete annihilation" of the snowy egret and roseate spoonbill in the whole of the region examined. In a book by the Governor of the Province of Archangel, translated by the Consul, occurs the passage:—"We brought back on the *Nordenskiöld* a cargo of 600 poods or nearly ten tons of these wings (willow grouse). They are exported to serve as trimmings for ladies' hats." M. Eugene André, the author of a famous book, "A Naturalist in the Guianas" (1904) has the following passage in it:—

"The beauty of a few feathers on their (egrets') backs will be the cause of their extinction. The graceful plumes which they doubtless admire in each other appealed to the vanity of the most destructive of animals, and they are doomed because the women of civilized countries continue to have the same fondness for feathers and ornaments characteristic of the savage tribes."

Another writer speaks of the "terrific slaughter" of egrets in the breeding season "in all the vast regions on both sides of the Equator." A late member of the American Ornithologists' Union declared of Charlotte Island that it was so covered with white ibis as to look as if "a big white sheet had been thrown over the mangroves." Sailing in 1887, "I did not see a place that was occupied by even a few birds." Of Saratosa: "All birds killed off by plume-hunters." One Meyer, a

Venezuela plume-hunter, who may have read Court-hope's "Paradise of Birds," where the "souls" (*sic*) of the persecutors are whirled as snowflakes eternally round the Pole, declared in a sworn testimony:—

"I have known these people to tie and prop up wounded egrets on the marsh, where they would attract the attention of other birds flying by. These decoys they keep in this position until they die of their wounds or from the attacks of insects. I have seen the terrible red ants of that country actually eating out the eyes of these wounded, helpless birds that were tied up by the plume-hunters."

Mr. Hesketh Pritchard gives not the figures, but the *weight* of the feathers imported into England in 1910—it was (exclusive of ostrich feathers) 84,050 lbs.! It has, in fact, been calculated that 35,000,000 wild birds' skins were annually imported into England before the war. Many of the skins and feathers of these birds could be seen at the warehouses in Cutler Street—birds of paradise, terns, humming birds, pigeons, emus, teal, condors, cranes, bustards, lyre-birds, hoopoes, sunbirds, swans, parrots, orioles, tanagers, herons, parrots, quetzals, honey-suckers, loons, waders, gulls, toucans, trogons, finches, flycatchers, cuckoos, swallows, and "sober-plumaged birds that seem to offer no special target for the hunter." A naturalist from the Argentine told the present writer in June of this year that he had been on horseback over a wide region of the great Argentine plain and seen but one species of bird—a carrion plover. The species massacred by the plume-hunters were, he said, largely of dull plumage, but they were gone. They are butchered in the breeding season, when the brighter nuptial ornaments are assumed, and the birds, on account of their parental devotion, are easier of approach. We take advantage of that passion to procure its visible symbols for our wives and mothers. The volume of evidence ranging from the House of Lords Committee (1908) to the published and attested statements of eye-witnesses all over the world is overwhelming and irrefutable. We of this age are now beholding the passing of the race of birds; the beginning and middle of the process of exterminating the highest order of being (outside the human race that does the deed) that has been evolved from the mysterious travail of so many million years. Already the greatest wonder of visible creation has gone; the arts will flourish and decay and again flourish, the race of man moves on into the mists of the future, time slowly turns the leaves of the book of whose last chapter none know the title, but never will any living man upon this earth look again upon the King Bird of Paradise. The book is imperfect, and no correction or annotation of man's can restore it.

This week there appeared a public letter signed by nearly a hundred and fifty prominent men of every profession and shade of opinion—from the scientist to the "sentimentalist," from revolutionary Labor to the most elevated Toryism, from the patrons of the turf and the boxing ring to the professor, from men, in fact, who would almost rather have a burglar in their houses than some of their fellow signatories—demanding that this "devilish" (as one of them calls it and justly) traffic be stopped. But to remove what Mr. W. H. Hudson calls "a crime more detestable and abhorrent to our sense of justice, and to every kindly feeling within us, than crimes innumerable which men are driven every day to commit by evil associations, by want, by drink, by insanity, and for which they are hunted down and condemned to long terms of imprisonment"—these men are brothers-in-arms. America, on a high wave of public indignation, has already prohibited the import and export of feathers, and some of our own Crown Colonies have closed their doors to the hunters who have laid them waste. But of what avail is the attempt to save the resplendent, innocent, and necessary birds of these countries so long as London remains so lucrative an open market for smuggling? The Bishop of Hereford, a signatory to the appeal for a new Bill (the eight preceding ones were carried by large majorities and blocked by the traders), added these words in sending his

signature:—"The destruction of these beautiful birds is a shocking example of the selfish ruthlessness of industrial society, and not less of the deep vulgarity of the fashionable world." Only a society thus vulgar and thus ruthless would continue to compound such a felony upon the universe.

Letters to the Editor.

THE WORKING OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

SIR,—Your article of June 28th, entitled "How the League Will Govern," requires an answer from those who believe that in spite of the imperfections of the Covenant and the follies of the Treaty the League must, and can, be made to work.

Before dealing with your points in detail, may I suggest that your article is open to two general criticisms? In the first place, your point of view seems somewhat academic and mechanical. You consider what might happen, rather than what is likely to happen. Anyone studying the constitution of the British Empire on paper would expect a succession of deadlocks. But, in fact, the British Empire works. So, while it is possible that your predictions may be fulfilled, I think it is unreasonable to take for granted that they will, and quite inadmissible to act on that assumption. In the second place, you apparently contemplate using the League as a substitute, rather than as an instrument, for democracy. This is surely impossible. No international machinery can spare us the necessity of capturing our several Governments. So long as they are reactionary, you cannot have a progressive League. You have got to establish popular control over foreign policy; there is no easy way round. And it is not enough that it should be established in one or two countries only; the battle must be fought and won in all countries, in particular in those of the Great Powers.

I will now pass to the several points made in your article. Your first is that the opposition of "France or our own reactionaries" will indefinitely block the admission of Germany. I would reply by reminding you that the assent of two-thirds of the Assembly is sufficient to admit a new member, in the unlikely event of a contested election, and that, in point of fact, the announcement that Germany's candidature would, in case of her good behavior, be supported by the Great Powers "at an early date," was signed by M. Clemenceau.

Your next objection is that what you call the "new triple alliance of Britain, France, and America against Germany" will continue the latter's diplomatic isolation even after her admission into the League, and is likely to tempt France into aggression. As regards diplomatic isolation, you do not surely expect that, after these five years of war and German duplicity, Germany, even Republican Germany, should be regarded with full confidence? Trust can be created by nothing but trustworthiness; it cannot be a plant of sudden growth. Time must elapse inevitably before the diplomatic isolation of Germany can really cease. Then, with regard to the policy of the French alliances, the very strict limitations of which you almost ignore, you hardly seem to appreciate the fact that in the absence of a standing international armed force (to the creation of which we may be sure that certain of the leading Governments will not now consent), immediate protection against aggression can only be secured to States in an exposed position by some kind of military agreement. However effective the sanctions of the Covenant may be in their ultimate force, and consequently as deterrents, it is not pretended that they could save France from imminent invasion. We may be confident ourselves that the fear of such invasion is illusory; but the French are not, and their feelings we can at least understand. On these grounds the signing of these Treaties of Insurance is justifiable; it certainly does not follow from them that we are bound or likely to support every French policy or even to form an inner ring on the Council of the League with France and the United States.

Your third point relates to the economic provisions of the Covenant. Vague and non-committal they are; but do you really think it would have been possible under present conditions to insert in the Covenant stipulations for a universal Open Door? Would not the additional burden of

so contentious a question have been certain to sink the League? Any agreements in this direction must be made—as there is reason to believe they are being made—by Conventions supplementary to the Covenant.

Next, you take the indefensible Article 80 of the Peace Treaty, by which Germany is made to acknowledge the independence of Austria to be inalienable except with the (unanimous) consent of the Council of the League, and you point out that France can always veto Austria's union with Germany. So, on paper, she can. But France, not the least intelligent of the Great Powers, knows well enough that international affairs can only be conducted on a basis of mutual concession, and she is most unlikely to oppose for long the clearly expressed wish of the other most important members of the Council. Take this Treaty of Versailles. To this enormous and elaborate document the free consent of thirty Allied Governments has been secured; of course, there have been concessions and sacrifices, some of which we must deplore, but the point is that agreement was reached though there was no machinery for voting down opposition. Why should it not be the same on the Council of the League, where the consent of only nine wills is required? On the other hand, do you believe that proud nations like France and the United States, not to say ourselves, would enter the League if they could be voted down in the Council on matters they consider vital? Or that, if they entered, they would be more likely to be conciliatory? Of course not. In the psychology of States, it is the consciousness of ultimate freedom which gives Governments the courage to make concessions on single points. Attempt to bind them, and they will shrink back.

Similar considerations apply to your last point, which raises the general question of altering the present settlement by peaceable methods, and maintains that the provision for unanimity on the Council will prove fatal. This is, indeed, the crux of the whole matter; it is the supreme test of international goodwill. The machinery of settlement may, of course, conceivably break down, as you assume it will; but on its side there will be the forces of publicity, of the desire to agree, of the fear of the incalculable chances of war. In the last resort, everything depends on the public opinion of the great nations of the world. This alone can impose its will on the nine statesmen sitting round the green table, and force them to find a way of peace. In the formation of this opinion THE NATION no doubt will play a distinguished part. At the same time, it would seem a great pity if THE NATION failed to throw its influence at the present moment on the side of the new-born League of Nations, imperfect and fragmentary as it is. Let us by all means press for the improvement of the scheme embodied in the Covenant, for the creation of an International Force, of a Council of Conciliation, of a House of Representatives on a Parliamentary basis with proportionate representation of opinions. But we shall poorly serve the cause we have at heart if we fail to give all the support in our power to the League that exists, the only League we have got, the only League we are likely to get for many a long day. After all, what are the alternatives? A system of yet more cynical imperialism, or a world revolution of the proletariat. It is surely over-sanguine to imagine that the latter would eliminate national jealousies and the consequent need for compromise and concession.—Yours, &c.,

J. R. M. BUTLER.

SOME POINTS ABOUT COAL-RAISING.

SIR,—During the last few months, after diligent search among a number of morning and evening London papers, the writer has not been favorably impressed by the way in which the great coal question has been treated.

As a consumer I rejoice that our coal for household purposes is only about 50s. a ton, while the French are paying about twice that figure.

[Are they? I am only quoting one of the above-mentioned papers.]

In spite of my present jubilation—mingled with pleasant (?) anticipations of happy evenings round the Christmas fireside in my thickest overcoat—I would really like to see a serious article on coal dealing with the following points:—

1. Coal raised per man-hour of actual work in the mines in Great Britain and America.

2. Total number of workers employed to raise, say 1,000 tons of coal (the same ton) per annum: (a) At the face of the coal; (b) in underground transport; (c) above ground: washing and screening, loading into trucks, on machinery, in repair shops—in the two countries. This in view of the fact that the output per man is confidently stated to be far greater in America than in Britain.

3. The actual horse-power of the (a) cutting and (b) hauling machinery employed in the two countries per 1,000 tons per annum.

4. The per cent. quantity of coal consumed in the two countries in raising the coal won to the surface, ventilation, etc.

5. An analysis of costs, showing how it is that (stated) cost of raising coal here is about 19s. 6d., whilst in America it is 8s. 6d. per ton (to pithead).

6. The wages paid per 100 man-hours to:

- (a) Hewers or machine-cutters.
- (b) Other underground workers.
- (c) Surface workers.

7. The wages in "currency" might be translated into their relative purchasing power in terms of a common unit (say, express the American wages in terms of English £1).

8. The relative profits expressed (gross—net):

- (a) As per cent. on capital.
- (b) As £ per 1,000 man-hours.
- (c) Royalties.
- (d) Wayleaves.
- (e) Taxes.

9. Relation of salaries of management to wages (exclusive and inclusive of mere "office" expenses).

10. Comparison of housing conditions in the two countries.

11. Casualties per 1,000 men per annum below-ground, and ratio of casualties to output.

The most amazing omission, however, is the utter neglect of the fact—which cannot unfortunately be remedied at once—that coal is usually burnt anyhow, and even now apparently regardless of cost. From my own observation I (an amateur) could quote cases which can be seen in London every night (e.g., near Vauxhall Bridge there is a glaring example, but the consumer pays for that).

The recent reports of the Commissions on Economy in the Use of Coal seem to have been forgotten. Yet if their conclusions are valid—surely we could manage very well on far less coal than has hitherto been raised, and thus either release a large number of men from a dangerous and undesirable trade or give them shorter hours still, whichever is better for the community—not for the royalty or wayleave owner.—Yours, &c.,

MERELY A CONSUMER.

July 24th, 1919.

THE CONDITION OF INDIA.

SIR,—Mr. Charles Roberts is well known and respected in India as a well-wisher of my countrymen. He made an excellent Parliamentary Under-Secretary as Mr. Montagu's successor, he gave us the much-used phrase "a change in the angle of vision," he assisted Mr. Montagu in the production of the Reform Scheme embodied in the Joint Report of the Viceroy and the Secretary of State, and has since been engaged in good work on behalf of my countrymen. We have also had occasion to find out that Mr. Roberts qualifies his Liberalism in relation to India by an excess of caution, and this trait of his political character is made quite evident by his letter in last week's NATION. His more or less summary disposal of the situation created in the Punjab, and hence in the whole country, by Sir Michael O'Dwyer's administrative measures and methods, does not show that he realizes, any more than the India Office authorities do, the acuteness of discontent among my countrymen at the present moment. No provincial governor since 1857 succeeded as Sir Michael O'Dwyer has done in driving home to us most forcibly the fact of our political subjection and in revealing the unsuspected perils of despotic authority. And instead of being punished or even censured, Sir Michael O'Dwyer has just been appointed—by Mr. Montagu!—a member of the Indian Army Commission to which not a solitary Indian has been deemed worthy of being appointed. Sir Michael O'Dwyer will go out to India again after a couple

of months, and will be available to Lord Chelmsford as extra-official adviser in the art of suppressing agitation and agitators. A heavy responsibility rests on the Viceroy for his part in the transactions in the Punjab. And India is still waiting to know the whole view of Mr. Montagu on recent events. I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Montagu means well by us; he has been laboring strenuously in the furtherance of our interests. But I shall be excused for saying that his chivalrous championship of the Rowlatt Act and his silence regarding the Punjab situation have been very disquieting to his Indian friends and admirers, while in the country at large a feeling of helplessness and hopelessness is what one perceives. I leave it to the Liberalism and political experience of Mr. Roberts to say whether this is not a situation fatal to the success of any Reform Scheme. Mr. Winston Churchill—not the advocate of the present British policy in Russia, but the author of the "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill"—wrote that reforms planted under the shadow of coercion could only have a sickly growth. It need not be doubted that Mr. Montagu knows this as well as anybody else.

Coming to the real body of Mr. Roberts's letter, I agree with him that diarchy cannot altogether be avoided if full effect is to be given to the promise combined with the limiting conditions of the Declaration of the 20th August, 1917. This is why the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme has been supported by many Indians who, naturally, are not enamored of a system of dual government, and it is also why it is being urged that a beginning on the same lines should also be made in the central government. It is also easy to join in Mr. Roberts's regret that "it is the fate of sound measures to be attacked by reactionaries for going too far, and by impatient idealists for not going far enough." I hope it has been shown by the line taken by the party to which I have the honor to belong in India in respect of the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme that we are not "impatient idealists." You, too, sir, accorded a cordial welcome to it when it was published last year. But I would ask Mr. Roberts to make a categorical comparison of the propositions embodied in the Report with the clauses of the Bill, and tell us candidly whether the Bill is not less liberal than the Report scheme. The heavy hand of the Government of India has fallen on the scheme, and mutilation or amputation has been the result. The Indian Moderates gave a general and discriminating support to the scheme, while urging several improvements in it, at a heavy cost to their position in the public life of their country. Frankly, they cannot support anything less. They do not want to "wreck" the Bill, any more than you do—I am sure Mr. Roberts must have misunderstood you when he seemed to impute the latter intention to you—but they cannot go forward as its supporters unless it is improved and expanded. From all I have seen and heard in London during the last four weeks I cannot be very hopeful of the result. But if we fail, at least let no one say that we have behaved as "impatient idealists" and are responsible for the failure.—Yours, &c.,

C. Y. CHINTAMANI,

Editor of the "Leader" of Allahabad.

45, Westminster Palace Gardens, S.W.1.

July 28th, 1919.

Poetry.

THE MOON ROSE UP.

THE moon rose up in a dove-wing sky,
The wafer moon went drifting by.
The dove-wing deepened into blue,
The moon turned silver, the stars looked thro'.
Looked thro' the fir-boughs, blown to flame
By the gusty wind that went and came.
Till the sea, unseen in the gathering night,
Strewed the distance with crests of white.
What tho' the like had fallen before,
I knelt to Beauty, and shut my door.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

DARKNESS.

Now the last bird has ended, and the bats
Flitter and twitch about the hazel bushes,
Where the young green grows deeper as light fades.
Now ends the blackbird's song; a little grumble,
And silence gathers round him. From the hills
Sleep comes, and westward droops and sleeps the sky.

Ah! very dim your face has grown—the rose
Is lost in ivory, the warmth in moon-color;
And those eyes, that lately gleamed with fire,
Are sinking in the night, receding, luring—
But never to be taken, made to yield
Their secrets up with light, as the morning flowers
Shine from an eastern shore up to the sun
Who comes, sea-risen, eager for their love.

Oh, tantalizing love, thus to surround—
Even at the very crest and consummation—
The final joy with darkness—nay, to draw
Most cunningly, with subtle dexterous fingers,
Film after film of light away . . . first light . . .
Twilight . . . gloom . . . then fantasy . . . and last,
Where love should be aflame . . . maddening darkness!

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE VALLEY OF ACHOR.

I GAVE myself to the stones,
Saying, "It is just."
Each shock of splintering bones,
Each sharp and jagged thrust
At the quivering flesh, I bore,
And answered back no more.
Conquered by none but Thee,
Suppliant yet proud I lay,
Crying despite of me:
"Spirit of God, have Thy way!"

I gave myself to the flames,
Willing at last.
To be rid of the lusts and shames
And sins of the past.
I watched the loathsome mass
Lose shape and fall away,
In shrivelling atoms, pass
To smoke and ashes grey.

Then—across the unclean floor,
Trampled by death and doom,
Free, through an open door.
At the end of the valley's gloom,
Suddenly flashed a soul,
Forth to the azure divine—
White, purified, whole.
My God! It was mine!

A. E. MORTON.

CHANT PAGAN.

My Grannie says with solemn face,
Above the sky there is a place,
Where Angels play on harps and things,
And little children fly on wings.

She says that if I'm very good,
And do what darling babies should,
I shall go there with mum and dad,
But if my conduct here is bad—

There is another place call'd Hell,
Where all the naughty babies dwell;
Inhabited by mice and moles,
Toasting their toes upon the coals.

There is no rabbit, rat, or mouse,
In God the Father's holy house,
No coals to warm my little feet,
But just a golden, shining street.

So VERY naughty I shall be,
And sing, and eat too much at tea;
Because the mice, I love them so—
And where they are, there I will go.

JAMES DALE.

NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

(From Pierre Louys' "Les Chansons de Bilitis.")

"THE black depth of the night flows through mine eyes."
The serried trees close on thy beating heart,
And in the forest thou wilt lose thy way.

"The rush of falling waters in mine ears,
Laughs loud in exultation."

Though he stood
Three ells away, thou couldst not hear his voice.

"The white syringa and the moon flowers
Will make me swoon with perfume—"

Faint and fall,
And never find him, should he pass this way.

"Ah, he is far from here, the mountain lies
Black under all the stars, between us twain:
And yet I see his face, and hear him speak,
And feel him touch me in the night, alone."

Translated by F. W. STELLA BROWNE.

FROM THE CHINESE.

I.

ON THE RIVER.

I HAVE hidden my little boat among the river grasses;
It is dusk and the stars are out.
My boat rocks quietly on the gray waters
That the rising moon spangles with silver.

The wild duck seeks her nest and the trout leaps no more.
I am alone with the night about me,
Sorrow in my heart. The cool wind
Touches my temples with phantom kisses.

O Sister Moon, you do not bring comfort to me, waiting;
Now I think only of lost loves,
And old memories and old regrets
Troop like sad ghosts before me, peering into my eyes.

SEVENTH HEAVEN.

HEAVEN was full of streets of gold,
And Lamb and Lion the city strolled;
The suns of seraphs' eyes flung rays
That splashed upon the golden ways:
But where was the sweat of the brow?
And where the goldfinch on the bough?

Gold-dust was the morning mist,
Where monster halls of amethyst
Waded; and organ, shawm, and lute
Pealed out the Name of Absolute:
But where the morning lark to soar
Out of his grassy cottage door?

Christ would not take His vacant throne,
And mused without the town, alone;
He that could dive for hearts of men.
Pined for His old, lost fishermen:
Pined for the storks in Galilee,
He, living, did not praise or see.

In the first heaven, perchance there be
Sweet and small things to touch and see;
Beasts at their business, birds, and bees,
And busy men to work with these:
But here it was a painted show,
Where nothing, nothing was to do.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Six Theosophic Points." By Jacob Bohme. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Belgian Documents." By the Author of "J'Accuse." (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Sacred Beetle and Others." By J. H. Fabre. Translated by Alex. Teixeira de Mattos. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Echoes from the Greek Anthology." By J. G. Legge. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Liluli." By Romain Rolland. (Edition du Sablier. 15 fr.)
- "Animal Life and Human Progress." Edited by Arthur Dendy, D.Sc., F.R.S. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Two Months." By Herbert Tremaine. (Daniel. 7s. net.)

I UNEARTHED to-day an old portfolio, from which there overflowed a mass of comic drawings torn from the comic papers of all the nations. I made the collection long ago, before the war, and had almost forgotten its existence when I came upon it just now. It was amusing turning over the sheets once more. Here were Spanish cartoons, incredibly violent and blasphemous. Here were specimens from America—colored illustrations from "Puck," drawings from "Life": but not many of them, for that tedious Gibson-girl tradition of elaborate pen and ink illustrations still weighs heavily on the more expensive American periodicals. For satire and for drawing that is comic in itself one must turn to such proletarian papers as "The Liberator" and the now, I believe, defunct "Masses."

THEN there was the German section: greenish, spidery grotesques from "Simplicissimus," repulsive things, but often very amusing; colored pictures of ladies with legs and smiles from "Lustige Blätter," that grosser and often better-drawn "Vie Parisienne." There were pictures, too, from "Jugend," collected not so much for their intrinsic merit, but because they were so characteristically German. "Jugend" is not a very good paper; it falls between two stools; it takes itself too seriously to be a comic and the pictures it reproduces are hardly good enough to make it interesting as a serious art paper. Still, for all its faults, "Jugend" is an institution for the lack of which we, in this country, are certainly the poorer.

It was rather a relief to turn at last to the French illustrations. How amusing they were! Here were pen and ink drawings of incredible fineness and strength by Willette; here the bold outlines of a sketch by Hermann-Paul. Then there were Poulbots, charming, but too facile, too much mannered, with one or two of those inimitable studies of provincial life and landscape by Huard. Here, too, were caricatures by that diabolic satirist, Rouveyre, and here delightful and ridiculous drawings by the amiable Gus Bofa, who has distinguished himself since the war as the illustrator of Pierre Mac Orlan's fantasies. And there were many more, for there is hardly one French comic paper that is not good—or rather, that *was* not good, for some have, since the war, sadly changed for the worse.

AND now, what about the English section? Alas! it does not exist; there are no English comic papers. We are, to begin with, very much behindhand in the merely mechanical matter of color printing. In France one used to be able to buy the "Sourire" with four full-page illustrations, admirably reproduced in simple flat colors, for twopence half-penny. "Puck," adorned with the best possible "process" reproductions, cost sixpence. The cheapest colored paper here was sold for a shilling before the war; now, I believe, it costs half-a-crown, and it is not a comic—far from it. But these mechanical deficiencies do not, after all, much matter; they can easily be remedied by any newspaper proprietor with a little intelligence and a sufficient quantity of capital. Our methods of reproduction might be admirable, but that would make very little difference to the fact that we have no good comic illustrations to reproduce.

We seem in this country to have lost the tradition of comic drawing. That it once existed here all lovers of Rowlandson, Gilray, and Bunbury will agree, though even in these matters the sense of the comic is certainly less intense than in, say, Daumier or, more recently, Rouveyre. To-day the English draughtsmen who attempt to draw with that touch of distortion and grotesqueness necessary in any picture which shall be essentially comic in itself, succeed only in being vulgar. Almost more deplorable than these are our ordinary, respectable illustrators of jokes. In the great days of "Punch," illustrators like Leech, Keen, and, later, Du Maurier succeeded at least in giving a very amusing picture of contemporary life. Their work was even, occasionally, touched with satire, and they were, moreover, competent draughtsmen. To-day, with one or two honorable exceptions, our illustrators are either entirely incompetent or else have attained to a degree of mechanical proficiency which only emphasizes their lack of any sense of the artistic or the comic. And our great cartoonists . . . words fail one; they beggar description.

It is high time that some benevolent capitalist started an English comic paper. It should not be difficult to find among the younger men a sufficient number of good comic writers and draughtsmen whose talent is unknown for the good reason that it has, at the present time, no outlet. In politics our dreamed-of paper will be advanced. Satire and ridicule are the keenest weapons of the oppressed against the oppressor. In recent times "Punch," the most middle-class paper that has ever called itself comic, has turned these weapons against their rightful users—without much effect, for the bludgeon blows of its satire generally waste their fury in the void without touching the object at which they were aimed, while Sir Owen Seaman's pulpit eloquence differs from the opiate outpourings of any other preacher only in the quite immaterial fact that it is rhymed. Our paper must aim more truly, sending its shafts home, barbed and envenomed. The art of satire, literary and pictorial, must be revived. We have seen too little of it since the days when Byron fell upon the Scotch reviewers and the "intellectual eunuch, Castlereagh." And yet we have here in England a fine tradition of satire to which, in our paper, we must return. Back to Dryden and Defoe, Pope and Churchill; back to the eighteenth century caricaturists. From them we shall learn all the tricks of the trade. A few lines of satire can do more for a political cause than many hundred pages of solemn argument. But we must have the paper first—and the benevolent capitalist.

A. L. H.

Reviews.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

"Scottish Literature: Character and Influence." By G. GREGORY SMITH. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

EVERY critic, if he is to come to good, must sojourn for a while in the country of Quintessence. This is why Pan-tagruel heard the name of Scaliger spoken there, "moody as a mule and stout as a Scotch laird," no less than Aristophanes the Quintessential. To avoid it is to come under the curse most incident to reviewers, of a perpetual leakage. Some, on the other hand, stay there altogether and become lean, admitting nothing to their mouths but Categories, Abstractions, and Second Intentions: these are the pedants, the Gabriel Harveys of criticism, though even Gabriel came very near being touched by the bouquet of white roses when he wrote to Edmund Spenser. But the elect *passent outre*, to arrive at the great simplicity of the Word of the Holy Bottle. Mr. Gregory Smith in his latest book has once or twice come near it, though he is still of those *qui tenoient de la Quinte*. Quintessence, at his departure, has retained him among her Abstractors: his "Scottish Literature" is not a history of Scottish literature; it is the distillation of a long enjoyment.

"He that distilled this liquor distilled it smiling."

It is an old Eastern commendation of a good wine, and not applicable here. The temper of the book is excellent; and if its good nature is crossed now and then with a streak of something very like demure malice, it is the better for those of us who have a taste for aspic. It is this same malice that gives the book its "race": "the laughter of Puck," which all through Scottish letters "is the confusion of dignity." Of more than Scottish dignity: the Scot "whom we know as well as they did at the India House," the Englishman who knows his Scot, the Irishman who only knows himself; from "the Great Cham, 'the auld dominie, who kept a school and caud' it an academy,'" to the fragile four-o'-clocks of the Celtic twilight—we all get it. But it is an honest Puck, and he laughs best at himself—"calm as a country Sabbath morn on the cantrips of his mind." The *præfervidum ingenium Scotorum* is the dearest object of his embarrassing attentions; and Mr. Gregory Smith has written nothing better than his "curious speculation" as to why "in the great times the Muse was so shy, and only in more comfortable modern days did Scotland discover that patriotic fervour which we know." "Since which time the Royal Lion has ramped very bravely within his treasure, as the Royal Beast should; and, let us add, long may he do so. Nevertheless, later Scots have done some wrong to his dignity and to their own by trundling him round for the admiration of the vulgar. In this literary caravanning, and by pistoling and pooking, it would not be strange if he lost something of his old spirit." This is that Puck who wound up the tale of the tragic loves of King Berdok who dwelt in a bowkaill stock with the comment—

"All this for lufe; luvieris sufferis pane.
Boece said, of poetis that wes flour
Tho lufe be sweet, oft sythe it is full sour,"

and who inspired the toast—was it to the respectable Miss Griselda Oldbuck's inclinations?—"so that they be virtuous."

"The Scot is not a quarrelsome man," says his critic gravely, "but he has a fine sense of the value of provocation." He has sufficiently proved it. One begins the book with the intention of admitting nothing; but the admirable good manners of one's host are disarming. His attitude to the ancestral mansion has a shade of humorous indulgence; he is quick to anticipate criticism, warns us of the lowness of the ceiling, himself regrets the drains. He is categorical upon its limitations, and though halfway through, his guard for a moment drops, and he submits that "to have given the world its best ballads, a great body of song, and Burns, may be honor enough," it is said with a becoming melancholy. Already there has been some fine work put in, though one does not realize it all afterwards: the suggestion that though Chaucer was Scotland's great *trouvaille*, it was "as one chances on that which one seeks." Also one observes that in the portrait gallery the face of the Celtic ancestress

is turned to the wall, but this, we are assured, from no prejudice against the lady; simply the portrait has still to be proved genuine. One is led on to contemplate the massive countenances of the Northern Augustans: Braxfield, Stevenson's Hermiston; Dr. Gregory, "whose reputation is, in the most literal sense, still in the mouths of the great public"; Lockhart, "the Scorpion that stingeth the faces of men," and other who seem to be somewhat; in whose overpowering presences it seems a small thing to toast the founding of the great reviews, the discovery—by Edinburgh—of what was for the nineteenth century the New America of letters; and if a secret grudge handed down from the sixteenth century—

"O what a thyng it had been then
If that they had been Englishmen—"

finds a new venue, we have the grace to stifle it.

Meanwhile, a wave of the hand indicates the founding—by Edinburgh—of the modern school of history, somewhere in the cellarage of a footnote. Nothing, however, but a decent piety induces our host to conduct us to the family burying-ground. There, in quiet contemplation of the tombstone of James Thomson, one admits readily enough that in following his "Winter" the English romantics found their spring; while astride of another tombstone our host recalls the memory of him who conjured Ossian forth "to vex the world of letters as no ghost has done, before or since," and, gently mocking, falls to speech of young France and Germany, "dreaming of adventure in the cloudscapes of a spiritual twilight," who found in "far away Thule, with its *mise-en-scène* of heath, moss-grown gravestones, wind-tossed grass and lowering sky," the first of *les endroits de la lune*. So much already—and the Ballads, the great re-entrant angle to the Middle Ages, still to come. And after the Ballads, Burns. And after Burns, Scott. But this Solomon is very wise with his Balkis. So guarded is he in his speech of those potent influences, so much spirit is still left in us, that ourselves are kindled to remind him of Victor Hugo's outburst of enthusiasm in 1823, of the inspiration to the new romance, *qui ençâssera Walter Scott dans Homère*. Finally, in "A Modern Epilogue," we take leave of our host as it were upon the mat, in a glow of mutual satisfaction. Half an hour, and reflection brings with it a cooling sense of loss: behold, silhouetted on the skyline, the vanishing figure of our respectable host, the stirks of our horniest prejudice routing before him; as wily a reiver as any of his ancestral Border thieves.

It is on the chapter on "Drama and Prose" that the old quintessential habit asserts itself to any detriment. Puck is very happy in his account of the drama in Scotland, modelled on the succinct narrative of Neils Horrobow "Concerning Owls" in Iceland. But when one proceeds to the reasons why "there are no plays in Scotland," Puck feathers one last shaft at the Puritan—"It is owing to the excessive cold that no snakes are found there"—and subsides with a ripple, while the discussion is continued from the Chair of Literature. It is a good thesis that Scottish drama was from the first "a pair shilpet cratur," and that "the problem is one of family history, rather than of rough handling by the Assembly of the Kirk," but the diagnosis of that "infant weakness" is less convincing. Drama of all the forms cannot be discussed in a vacuum. The "inventorial and antiquarian habit," the "inertia of description" of Scottish art, are forces too literary to have much influence on the least literary of the kinds. One cause at least is suggested by the admission in a later chapter that until the eighteenth century there was no literary capital of Scotland: and drama is born of the town. Dunbar in Edinburgh may write to his liege in Stirling—

"We that ar heir in hevins glory
To you that are in purgatory,"

but when Stirling is out of earshot he rails on Edinburgh like a fishwife, and it was London,

"London, .hou art of townes A per se,"

that knew the generosity of his praise. Hawthornden might be "a sweet and solitary seat, and very fit and proper for the muses"—but not for those of Tragedy and Comedy. They demand a crowd, as well as a *choragus*, and the first at least they never got in Scotland.

"There's no room for splairgers under the fower quarters of John Calvin," said Hermiston. Unluckily,

there was too much for "splaingin'" of a sort, for what Johnston of Wariston called the "overhastings" of "ane evil-scrapered tongue." If there had not been so much "predicacioun" in Scotland, there might have been better prose. Even so, some may hold that Mr. Gregory Smith has closed his canon of national prose too soon; that only Urquhart of Cromarty could have translated Rabelais, albeit it is an instance of transubstantiation rather than of translation: that the *profervidum ingenium* boiled over in Carlyle of the nineteenth century as surely as in the Humanists of the seventeenth; and that the narrative passages of "Weir of Hermiston" have as much the idiosyncrasy of Scottish prose as

"I wish I were where Helen lies"

of Scottish verse. Yet one is driven to admit some distinction, if only by the fashion in which the flow of Stevenson's narrative breaks against the boulders of Hermiston's spoken word. There is no denying that Scottish prose was an ill-worked quarry; and one's only complaint against its critic is that he has done scant justice to the excellence of the vein. There was a great *raconteur* as well as a great diplomatist buried in Sir James Melville of Halhill. Boccaccio himself never bettered the inimitable dryness of the tale of his first adventure in the train of "Jehan de Monluc, Bishop of Vallance"; how they came to grief off the Irish coast, and were welcomed by The O'Dougherty to his house, "quhilk was a gret dark tour, where we had cauld cheir as hering and biskuit, for it was lentroun"; how the "twa English grey freris" that were there, "persaving the bishop to make a compt of Odocartis dochter wha fled him continowally," made other provision; "whilk harlet being kept quietly in his chamber, fand a little glass within a kaice standing in a window, for the coffers were all wet by the sea wallis that fell in the schip during the storm. But sche belevit it had bene ordonit to eat because it had ane odoriphant smell, therefore sche lickit it clean out; quhilk put the bishop in sic a rage that he cried out for impatience, and discoverit his harletrie and his colair in sic sort as the freris fled and the woman folowed. But the Irishmen and his auen sarvandis leuch at the matter, for it was a phioil of the only maist precious balm that grew in Egypt, whilk Solyman the gret Ture had given in a present to the said bishop efter he had been two years ambassadour for the K. of France in Turkey, and was esteemed worth twa thousand crownis. In this meantym that we remanit at Odocartis house, his young dochter wha fled fra the bishop came and socht me wherever I was, and brocht a prest with hir that culd speak Englis, and offerit gif I wold marry hir to goe with me till any part wher I pleasit—efter I had given hir thankis and schew that I was yet yong and had na rentis and was boun till France."

Wariston himself has been too much neglected. He raised himself a fearful monument in the text of the Solemn League and Covenant, and his Diary is little but a prolonged wallowing in the Slough of Despond, from which it is to be feared most of his readers get out, like Pliable, on the side which is next to their own house. None the less, as in the original Slough, there are stepping-stones, whereby the wary may pass over dryshod. There is the courting of his fourteen-year-old bride, "how hir heart warmed to me and myn to hir at the hal window straingely"; the "paction" made with her on the morrow of their wedding, "promising never to gloume nor glunche on hir befor folk, and she vowing never to disobey me in any compaignie"; her death a year later, "quhen you returned to hir agayn, she crying for hir dear burd, oh how the terrors of God possesseth thy soul when thou remembers of it, of it, of it"—the eternal Trisagion of pain. Again, in the strange half-pagan phrases of his ecstasy, "walking al alone and meditating on the nature of a Deity," when the "immediat vision" came upon him, "lyk lightnings glauncing in at a window," and again "quhilst thou was changing thy sark at night," when he bethought him that it might be indeed "thy hinmost cold sark. That night thy verie sleep was ane prayer." But it is on the new liturgy that Wariston rises to the height of his style.

"Upon Sunday, the twenty-third of July, that blak dooful Sunday to the Kirk and kingdom of Scotland, the service book begoud to be read in the kirks of Edinburgh. At the beginning thereof there araise sic a tumult, sic ane outerying quhat be the peoples murmuring, murmuring,

rayling, stool-casting, as the lyk was never seen in Scotland: the bischop both after the foranooones sermon was almost trampled under foot, and afternoon being coatched with Rosburgh was almost stoned to death: the dean was forced to cage himself in the steeple: Mr. James Fairly to leave of reading at al: Mr. Henry Rollok not to begin: and Mr. David Fletcher to stay till the people went out. This uproar was greater nor the 17 of December, and in al historie will be remarked as the faire plausible and peacable welcome the service book received in Scotland."

This is prose as conscious and as faultless in its kind as the "shell-slumbering" rhythm of "The Cypress Grove." The more's the pity that there is so little of it: but "gif it be religion that moves them," said the Constable of France to Melville, "we mon commit Scottismens saules unto God, for we have enough ado."

So then, Scottish prose lost itself in a swamp; and when one speaks of Scottish literature one thinks of Scottish poetry, and in poetry, of the ballad and the lyric. All which was prophesied in the gift of the Queen of Elflin-land to Thomas of Ercildoune. For when she gave True Thomas "the tongue that can never lee," if she denied him "the curial speech," favour with princes and peers, and his lady's grace, she assured him, one supremacy. Prose and epic may lie, and Scotland failed in these; but no lyric can lie and live. And in Scottish lyric the word is a naked sword.

"It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand,
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land."

"Now a' is dune that men can do,
And a' in dune in vain—"

set over against it, the most sincerely felt of the Elizabethan lyrics has something of the adultery of art. And this, its truth, is the potency also of Scottish faerie, a potency so strong that its critic, if he be a Scot, will betray himself in speech of it, and one will hear "the rustling of strange things" in his sensitive scholar's prose.

"He might see besides
Oft in hot undertimes
The king o' fairy, with his rout,
Come to hunt him al about,
With dynne, cri, and bloweing."

But what it was they hunted, and whither they went, he never knew. This is daylight magic, and there is nothing strong enough to break it. One may waken, even from a midsummer night's dream. But what if one were already awake, when

"About the middle of the night
She heard the bridles ring."

A PHILOSOPHIC REALIST.

"Essays in Common Sense Philosophy." By C. E. M. JOAD.
(Headley Bros. 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. JOAD is, so far as philosophy is concerned, a new author. He has written on Robert Owen, and is known as the editor of the "Diary of a Dead Officer," but this is, we believe, his first book on philosophy. In spite of his Balliol education, he is a rebel against Oxford orthodoxy, not in the direction of Dr. Schiller's pragmatism, but in that of the "new realism." In his first and most important chapter, on "Our knowledge of sensible objects," he tells us that the view of perception which he advocates "is one which resembles very closely the theory of perception put forward by Professor Dawes Hicks." Most philosophers contend that sensible objects, such as chairs and tables, as they appear to common-sense, are largely illusory, and that the reality is something totally different. Realism sets to work to rescue chairs and tables from the destructive criticism of the philosophers; Mr. Joad, as a realist, advocates the view "that sensible objects exist independently and that the knowledge of them given by our senses is not illusory; that they exist in fact very much as we know them." Odd as it might seem at first sight, this is a very difficult position to defend. Mr. Joad shows considerable ability in defending it, but he has left us not wholly satisfied.

There are two lines of attack on sensible objects, that of the metaphysicians and that of the psychologists and physiologists. The metaphysicians, we think, are successfully repelled, but the other attack is more formidable and

is less adequately met. The metaphysicians argue that nothing can be without being known, that what is known must be in some sense within the knower, and that therefore everything is mental or spiritual. They argue that the infinity and infinite divisibility of space and time involve logical contradictions, which show that space and time cannot be real, and no more can physical objects, which are extended in space and time. These arguments and many others of a similar kind have been answered by the new realists, and there is a growing tendency to accept their answers as valid.

The physiological criticism of sensible objects is much harder to refute. It does not rest upon *a priori* arguments, but upon scientific facts, capable, perhaps, of a realist interpretation, but *prima facie* very difficult to reconcile with the view that we see things just as they are. Mr. Joad states the outline of the facts as follows—

"From objects which are perceived there emanate modes of energy, called in the language of modern scientists, transverse vibratory motions propagated longitudinally, or electro-magnetic waves; these impinge upon the optical nerve and through it imprint upon the brain a picture or image of the object causing the waves. . . . It is these images which form the subject-matter of all sensory knowledge."

What is awkward about these facts is the long chain of intermediate causes between the object and our perception of it. Science started with a common-sense object, and has never departed from common-sense except when the facts have seemed to leave no option; nevertheless, in spite of its bias and starting-point, science has been driven to the view that what we call perception, say, of a chair, is merely one among many effects of the waves reflected by the "real" chair, which is something extraordinarily unlike what we see, being in fact a vast number of little solar systems in which the sun is represented by a nucleus of positive electricity and the planets by negative electrons. Every plain man must feel that, if this is what a chair consists of, sitting down is a very rash proceeding. And science has not set out like philosophy, to discredit common sense; on the contrary, it has preserved implicit faith that through our senses we can acquire knowledge of the outer world. It is in trying to do its best for common sense that it has been led to such strange results.

Without going into the niceties of modern physics, as soon as we admit that what we call perception is the result of a process starting from the object, and depending, for its result, upon the condition of our sense-organs and nervous tissue, we are forced to the conclusion that it would be little short of a miracle if our perception, at the end of the series, were just like the object which is supposed to be at the beginning. It might be legitimate to say that, since these considerations throw doubt on perception, they also throw doubt on the physical object and the causal process, which are inferred from perception; we might, on this ground, escape from physics into complete scepticism as to physical objects, but it is difficult to see how we can return to the simple faith of common sense, that chairs are just what they appear to be.

Mr. Joad, though he struggles manfully with these difficulties, has hardly enough scientific knowledge to appreciate them thoroughly. The best that realism can say in reply to them is said in Mr. Broad's "Perception, Physics, and Reality," a book which Mr. Joad appears not to know. Where he is critical he is seldom at fault, but construction is a more difficult matter.

In an essay on "The meaning of truth," two theories are discussed: one, that truth consists in correspondence with fact; the other, that it consists in the internal coherence of the whole body of Truth. The conclusion arrived at is that "truth" is an ambiguous word, and that both correspondence and coherence have their place, the first in regard to separate truths, the second in regard to the system which is called the Truth. We fear that this attempt to reconcile the disputants will please neither side: philosophers are full of the joy of battle, and not enamored of middle courses.

We are glad to find a chapter on "Universals as the basis of realism," which comes as near to the Platonic doctrine of ideas as is possible for a modern mind with no tinge of mysticism. The ideas had obviously for Plato a twofold function: one logical, to explain what instances of the same universal have in common, and one more akin to worship, to provide an eternal world which could be contemplated with joy. It is the logical function that appeals to Mr. Joad,

though we do not wish to suggest that he is oblivious of the other.

Philosophy has usually been associated with literary rather than scientific studies, and Mr. Joad is no exception. His style is lucid, his meaning is always clear and definite, and he presents his arguments in a manner which is interesting and intelligible to readers who know little of philosophy. But scientific knowledge would have given him more scope for originality, and a more massive body of facts with which to deal. Physics and physiology are more likely to help in arriving at philosophical truth than Plato and Aristotle, though they will not have the same power of conferring literary merit or enable a writer to relate his views to philosophic tradition. If it be granted that philosophical truth is unattainable, there is everything to be said for the study of Plato and Aristotle; but if truth is to be seriously sought, it must be by the aid of science. Whether much could be achieved even with the aid of science is, however, a very doubtful matter.

THE SECOND PERIOD OF QUAKERISM.

"The Second Period of Quakerism." By WILLIAM C. BRAITHWAITE. With Introduction by RUFUS M. JONES. (Macmillan. 8s.)

MR. BRAITHWAITE has now completed, in a scholarly volume of rare ability, his contribution to the great history planned by the late John Wilhelm Rowntree, which was designed as something much more than the record of an obscure denomination, whose numbers have never been large, but whose life contained, he believed, elements of essential value which has never yet received adequate interpretation. It was a difficult task, involving the study of the complex political and religious society of the later seventeenth century, research amongst forgotten books whose contents were buried under the weight of their difficult style, the collation of minutes and manuscripts hitherto unused or only partially used by the historian.

To say that the task has been well done is to render scant praise to a book of many-sided human interest, which throws new light on half-forgotten pages of history, above all on the story of the long and bitter struggle for religious toleration, in which the victory was so largely won through the faithful endurance of hundreds of obscure men and women who wearied and shamed their opponents by all that they bore and forbore in persistently maintaining under severe persecution their right to meet and worship in accordance with their belief. We are brought face to face, too, in Mr. Braithwaite's pages with fundamental problems, which the Church still has to meet; the working out in the difficult material of our complex world of the ideal of freedom and fellowship which poets and saints have proclaimed from age to age, and the ancient strife between the prophet and the organizer, the men of vision and the men of action.

The story is told with an insight and sympathy which is extended to opponents to whose views earlier historians have sometimes failed to do justice; the limitations of the early Quaker leaders are recognized, in part due to the Puritan outlook with which they had been brought up, in part to the influence of contemporary philosophy, the dualism which makes Barclay's explanation of the doctrine of the Divine Light, the "vehiculum Dei" present in every human soul, inadequate. We realize how the imperious zeal for Truth of George Fox made him sometimes too impatient, too harsh with men who might have shown a different response to a gentler spirit, how the generous optimism of Penn and his personal loyalty to his old friend James II. sometimes misled his judgment, we see the too cautious prudence of Whitehead and other leading Quakers at the beginning of the eighteenth century, losing touch with some of their earlier ideals in their anxiety to guard the heritage won at such hard cost. But when allowance is made for all this, for the Puritan narrowness which shut out so much of the color and beauty from many lives, and for the imperfect carrying out of some of the great spiritual and social discoveries which these early Quakers made, what a rich mine of human experience is opened up to the reader, what a gallery of living portraits is here. George Fox himself lives in these pages again, not merely as the prophet and apostle of the Inward Light, but as the friend in council, the founder of a unique organization in which the attempt

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was made to find expression for the ideal of a church community in which every member possessed a definite spiritual function and no class or sex had any exclusive privilege; there is William Penn, scholar, statesman and preacher, champion of liberty of conscience, untiring in his many-sided activities, human and lovable throughout in his loyalty to old friends when times changed, and in his very failings; there is Barclay, scholar, thinker and saint, whose originality and nobility of character we feel, even when we realize the defective points in his presentation of the Quaker faith in the terms of a thought that is no longer ours.

Other figures, too, move through the pages: Isaac Pennington, the noble-hearted mystic, the venerable William Dewsbury, whose loving spirit was not marred or embittered by the seventeen years which he spent in prison, but was brought to death's door by grief over internal controversy amongst those who should have been friends of truth and of each other; and in later years the wise and wide-hearted Thomas Story and that far-seeing philanthropist and social reformer John Bellers, who at the close of the seventeenth century and through the earlier years of the eighteenth, propounded his great schemes for a national college of industry to abolish poverty by the collective employment of the poor in whose labor he saw the wealth of every nation to consist.

It is, indeed, strange that few now as much as remember the name of this original thinker, who worked out in detail and pressed upon Parliament not only this great proposal, but an elaborate plan for a League of Nations to replace the anarchy of Europe and abolish war, and a scheme for a Council of Christendom which should try to formulate not the dogmas on which the Churches differed, but the principles on which they were united. Very attractive, too, are the glimpses that we get of lesser personalities, like Luke Cock, the homely preacher from the North Riding, who in his simple dalesman's language found his way so surely to the heart of things: witness that strangely moving sermon on the Guide who led him to the Weeping Cross, which Mr. Braithwaite quotes. Or, again, there is Peter Gardner, who went afoot on his apostolic errand from Essex to Northern Scotland, carrying with him just the few shillings that in the end were needed for his burial, refreshing himself cheerfully with a morsel of bread and water from the wayside brook, and able before his journey's close to stir to new life the family and household of Robert Barclay of Ury.

These Quaker preachers and writers were not rich in the power of literary expression; Penn is an almost solitary exception as an author with a real gift of style. Yet every now and then there come in their writings passages of rare beauty, like the extraordinary psalm of thanksgiving which a group of the first Pennsylvanian settlers sent back in 1683 in a letter to their English comrades. Beyond the imperfect words in which these men wrote we feel the great ideals that inspired them, the vision of humanity reconciled by obedience to that Divine Light they strove to follow, which they believed to be present in every human life. Behind the old world theology, and the halting thought-expression of their faith, is the faith itself, an attitude to truth and duty, an apprehension of the unseen, worked out not in formal creed or philosophy, but in a way of life.

For the great contribution of Quakerism has, after all, not been one of theology, but of practice. It has given to the world a succession of men and women who have interpreted their apprehension of the Light within in lives of service to humanity. The truth of their vision is seen not so much in the intellectual expression of their faith as in the way in which as pioneers they grappled with social evils, with injustice, with international wrong.

One striking fact emerges from any study of the Quaker movement in the seventeenth century: the fierce opposition with which it was met alike by leading Church divines and orthodox dissenters corresponds to the intense missionary enthusiasm of these most uncompromising of heretics.

In 1653 a group of alarmed Puritan ministers could write: "Satan . . . disgorgeth from his hateful stomach a swarm of Quakers: these . . . came upon us like a furious torrent; all is on fire on the sudden: many are unsettled, the foundations shaken and some apostatize." The years pass, toleration comes, the struggle lessens. The despised sect wins even a certain esteem, and with it a deadening respectability. The old life has not indeed vanished, but the fire burns quietly in the silent Quaker

meeting, and only now and again the spirit of prophet and reformer flashes out in some man who has been trained in this peaceful school. Was the change inevitable, and where lies the cause? The problem is one which interests a far wider circle than the Society of Friends, and Mr. Braithwaite's book furnishes us with a most valuable contribution towards its solution.

We are able now to perceive, as Dr. Rufus Jones has pointed out, the defects in the intellectual expression by Barclay and other early Quaker writers of the spiritual experience which was such a profound and transforming reality in their lives. The Divine and the human were conceived of as utterly separate and distinct; the orthodox doctrine of the Incarnation was accepted, but not adequately correlated to the principle of the Inner Light. The training of the intellect came to be undervalued and the negative mysticism of the quietist tended to replace the more fruitful, positive mysticism which should have been the true expression of the Quaker spirit. The Society of Friends continued to maintain the great ideal of a free ministry from which no Christian could be disqualified by sex or station: such an ideal needed as its complement a high standard of training—intellectual, moral, and spiritual—in all its members, and on the intellectual side this training was too largely wanting.

Its organization continued, too, to provide a unique experiment in theocratic democracy, in which every member was conceived as having an effective place and duties; but in the course of time, in some measure as a reaction from the influence of the individualist mystics who parted company with Fox and the main body of the Society in the seventeenth century, the leadership of travelling ministers became less marked, and men came to think of Truth too much as a heritage to be guarded and too little as a kingdom into which each generation must win its way by effort. Yet with all their shortcomings the successors of Fox and Penn did keep alive a fire of pure spiritual life from which many a torch has been kindled to brighten the dark places of the earth. Their religion was in its essence one of life, and their lives have passed on its message where words and thoughts and systems have failed.

MARY MURDOCH OF HULL.

"A Woman Doctor." By HOPE MALLESON. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 7s. 6d. net.)

ONCE, at a rather dull conference on some branch of social reform, the present writer, in common with the rest of the audience, was awakened to sudden interest by a vigorous contribution to the discussion from a woman speaker, whose vivid personality, sound sense and fighting spirit were very pleasantly tempered with touches of real humor. One heard that she was Dr. Mary Murdoch of Hull; and it was in this way that she was usually described, though she was born and bred north of the Tweed and spent portions of her life in London and Brighton. But it was at Hull that, both as general practitioner and as Senior Physician to the Victoria Hospital for Children, she made her chief reputation and accomplished the greater part of her lifework.

Dr. Murdoch was born too late to be one of the early pioneers; but a woman doctor was still a novelty when, in 1896, she settled down in Hull as the first medical woman to practise in that town. The way she overcame prejudice and won recognition and universal affection and respect, during the crowded years she spent there until her death in 1916, would alone testify to the ability and the charm of character that made her as welcome in the houses of the rich as she was among the poor, who spoke of her as "Our Lady Murdoch." Great as was her achievement, however, her biographer says that "it is more by what she was than by what she did that Mary Murdoch will live." This little memoir of her has a peculiar interest for the general reader, in that it succeeds in being a character study rather than a conventional biography, a presentment of a delightful personality rather than a record of mere facts. Mary Murdoch was one of those people who literally spend themselves in the service of humanity. She fought in causes with the same devotion that she brought to the service of her profession. She was as reckless with her health as with her money. She flouted

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the efforts of her friends to invest her surplus cash for her, as cheerfully as she ignored their advice to economize her strength. Had she listened to them she might have been alive to-day—but she would not have been Mary Murdoch of Hull.

"I speak to you as a sinner, and not as a saint," she said in a lecture to medical students. "I slept too little, relaxed too little, ate unwisely and irregularly, dressed atrociously, and so on, and for all my sins I have suffered." No one, reading this memoir of her, will believe that her repentance was genuine. Far more characteristic is the remark, made in the same lecture: "Get into the habit of sleeping while all sorts of noises are going on, because the world cannot be kept quiet every time you are tired." She was, as will be remembered by Suffragists of all kinds, a keen advocate of women's freedom. This made her particularly energetic in helping young girls to escape from the enervating life of the ordinary middle-class household. As one irate father seems to have expressed it: "Before Dr. Murdoch came bothering round I had an obedient household—my wife and daughters obeyed me in every way; but now—one has gone to be nurse in the infirmary, &c., &c."!

She was not a doctrinaire feminist, but believed in burdens as well as privileges being shared by men and women. In a paper read at an International Congress on the Protection of Children, she said: "Mothers should not be left to do all the drudgery while fathers take their ease; and side by side with our schools for mothers we ought to have schools for fathers, so that both may take their share in this extremely difficult problem—the manufacture of our successors, the coming race." And Miss Malleson says of her that "she believed in men and women working in harmony for a common end, but she never compromised or pandered to prejudice." Militant Suffragists will always remember her with gratitude for her protest against condemnation of their tactics, which culminated in her secession from the "constitutional" party in 1911, when it publicly dissociated itself from the doings of the W.S.P.U. "I will not condemn them in public, even if death comes," she wrote to a friend. "Surely, the only proper official course is to grant the suffrage."

No doubt, as her biographer says, she belonged temperamentally to the militants. "She was a born combatant, the champion of the oppressed, but a master of self-control when the occasion demanded," writes Miss Malleson. One rather questions the modification here. Or did not the occasion demand self-control when, annoyed by the rudeness of a German traveller, she threw him out on to the platform? And self-control does not seem to have been the predominating characteristic of her dealings with her motor-car, the accounts of which are among the most humorous passages of the book. On one occasion, for instance, having failed to manipulate the gears properly on a hill so that the car slid downhill backwards and overturned at the bottom, Dr. Murdoch turned to her perturbed and silent friend when, with the help of six men, they had been set going again, and said reproachfully, "Oh, well, if you can't appreciate the scenery more I shan't bring you out another time!" And a London friend, in answer to an enquiry concerning her, answered ruefully, "Know Dr. Murdoch? Why, she nearly killed me three times with her motor!" After this, it is not difficult to believe her own account of herself, when she says: "Were I to lose the sense of adventure, I should be *dead*, not figuratively, but literally and physically dead."

Mary Murdoch did not live to see women politically enfranchised; but had she done so, it is impossible to suppose, after reading her biography, that her life would have been more leisured or less dominated by the burning desire to right wrongs and espouse the cause of the oppressed. One cause, that of communism, she seems to have anticipated in a letter to a friend, which recent events have made so topical as to be worth quoting here:—

"About money: I suppose your ideal is mine, but we shall neither of us live to see it—community of goods, a common fund into which we should all cast our earnings, because we shall all work then, and each one take simply what he or she requires. Or we might have some wise Government, chosen by ourselves, to distribute this enormous amount of wealth. This presupposes a very much more perfect human nature than we have at present."

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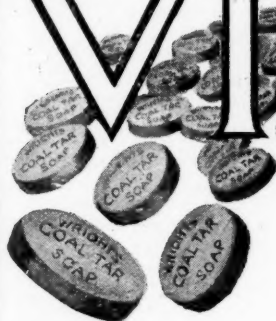
"The Adventures of Antoine." By H. COLLINSON OWEN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

"KENNETH DUGDALE" has a double parentage; it owes its microscopic analysis of character to Henry James and its oblique, descriptive method of narrative to Conrad. Mr. Turberville has, in fact, attempted a very ambitious task, and it is not therefore altogether his fault if his failure to achieve it seems correspondingly heavy. He is not over wise in giving it so elaborate a setting, in underlining its intense significance of situations and characters, in dressing them up in such a parade of language, for we are more liable to run a critical eye over a carriage-horse than a Shetland pony. Kenneth Dugdale is a young pacifist who takes a commission, apparently because he is in love with a silly young woman who worships at the Kipling altar. It is a great pity that Mr. Turberville has not made more of Laura McAlister, for he has done a great deal with her, and given into her hands the reins of mystery, heroism, and destiny with which to drive a round dozen young officers through three hundred pages of a war novel. Laura is not in love with Kenneth; she allows his adoration while despising his politics. She becomes engaged to Captain Fortescue, again, so far as we can make out and in spite of the psychological paraphernalia, simply because he is a V.C. At the Front, Fortescue is outshone in gallantry and resource by Dugdale, who abominates him because he suspects he is unworthy of his pugnacious Laura. Frankly, we do not agree. It is better, we feel, to drink a little too much and to visit (with no ill intent) a lady of doubtful respectability while in the trenches than to play the Amazon at home, if the author will pardon us the sacrilege. And to whatever extent Dugdale's devotion to Laura does credit to his altruism, it does not reflect the same glory upon the intelligence of a man who could think so clearly about war. Finally, Fortescue runs away in a night attack and Dugdale, trying to stop the rout, accidentally shoots him. The last few pages then topple over into melodrama, for Laura, instead of being disgusted with Dugdale (as our hero was with himself) welcomes him with open arms as a conspicuous example of the Deeds that Won the Empire spirit. If Mr. Turberville had only managed somehow to get rid of his Laura—married her off, say, to Mr. Hughes—his book would have found its feet and arrived at being what it actually is—a quite interesting study of a group of young officers engaged in the war.

Candidly, we are more interested in Mr. Begbie's introduction to his novel than in the novel itself. In it he relates the full story of the Press Bureau's embargo upon publication both before and after the Armistice (under Regulation 27 A), including the text of his correspondence with Mr. Lloyd George's secretary and Sir E. T. Cook, the Director of the Press Bureau, and himself a man of letters, even though of indifferent quality. Not only should all decent people be grateful to Mr. Begbie for his disclosures and for the dignified and manly tone of his letters, but students of human character in its less edifying manifestations will be equally rejoiced at this fine opportunity of examining the agreeable tactics of the Director of the Press Bureau. The novel itself is mainly occupied with the figure of Christopher Sterling, the Quaker Conscientious Objector, who works among the poor, is arrested under the Military Service Acts and dies beneath the rigor of his treatment. It is a purely propagandist novel, and written under the stress of deep feeling and the strongest indignation. But it would be dishonest to pretend that, beyond a certain rough workmanship, there is anything more to the book. It is not a pleasant reflection upon the public's inherent love of mediocrity and dislike of greatness or brilliance that it should have chosen Mr. Begbie as one of its literary leaders.

"The Bonfire" is hardly a novel so much as a series of pictorial slides of life in a Jesuit college. It makes a curious book, for the author never appears to decide for himself

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The Contemporary Review.

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whether the boys are happy or the reverse under the charge of the "Crows." Yet his book can leave no possible doubt in the reader's mind as to the obscurantist cruelty of the system. Terror of hell, espionage, mediæval austerity, grotesque ignorance, subservience to an iron discipline, savage punishment, hatred of beauty and all natural delights, and something very like sheer madness—there is no difficulty in putting into words the meaning of the written page. That being so, we become entirely bewildered when the author remarks at the end: "In this work I have tried to point out the recognition by the Jesuits of the spiritual values of life." Then he goes on to defend the "watching" and "patrolling" as "maintaining a standard of bodily purity." That is the way that official crimes are always defended. Indeed, a kind of hysteria seems to seize the book as it pursues its gloomy theme, until what satiric purpose Mr. Brendon ever had is lost in the oddest incoherence of meaning. Yet the book might have been an unusually good one.

"The Adventures of Antoine" contains a series of adventures of a swindler who becomes a heroic and benevolent newspaper proprietor. Circulation and advertisement are his principal virtues, but incidentally he renders striking services to the State by defeating the schemes of degraded Germans and worse—positively abysmal—labor leaders. The book, we understand, is intended to be witty and amusing.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"First Advice to Would-be Farmers." By F. E. GREEN. ("Country Life." 5s.)

MR. GREEN is a small-holder of long experience, and in this useful guide for demobilized soldiers and others who desire to settle on the land he answers clearly the questions how to make a start in obtaining, stocking, and working a small-holding, the sites to choose, and the difficulties to be overcome. It is, as he puts it, a book for men and women who have neither knowledge of agriculture nor capital, as well as for those who have knowledge without capital and those with capital but no knowledge. He sets out the conditions governing marketing, poultry and bee keeping, fruit farming, cattle keeping, and many side-lines in country life. Some interesting balance-sheets are given in the book.

"Bird Behavior." By FRANK FINN, F.Z.S. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE knowledge, insight, and spirit of this book (a compilation) are well and truly shown by the following extract: "Birds are not indispensable, for their work in insect-destruction could be done by bats, batrachians and reptiles, to say nothing of insect-preying insects (imagine any of them cracking a snail!); and as food they cannot compare in utility with beasts and fish, though they ought to be more used than they are . . . in this country, where a silly superstition against eating any birds other than ordinary game and poultry is springing up. As to admitting they have any 'rights' to share our buildings and produce, I am a humanist, not a humanitarian; if birds get in our way, they must go, as the large beasts have gone . . . I only respect humanity." It is unintelligible that a person of this point of view and this power of style should write a book about birds at all; it is not so surprising that the book itself should be a bad one.

"Old Days in Bohemian London." By MRS. CLEMENT SCOTT. (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.)

CLEMENT SCOTT was tremendous in life, and he looms larger than life in these pages. Irving, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, Bernard Shaw, these and the lesser great were his subjects. As they swim in and out of these reminiscences they emphasize the proportions of the Triton. Charles Hawtrey and many others used to sit up all night, we learn, for an early edition of the "Telegraph" to know what judgment C.S. had passed upon them. If he left the theatre before the close of the piece the poor actors forgot their words. He rarely made his appearance on first nights without receiving some demonstration either of approval or

blame. Once he sat at the back of the box studying his programme, but Mrs. Scott, who had taken her seat—"quietly," it appears—drew the curtain slightly aside, when a storm of "boo's" came from pit and gallery. "They knew he couldn't be far off if I were there." As for his work, "how some of those criticisms would startle people now if they were to read them, or anything like them to-day!" "I stand under the banner of human nature," was his motto; and he would take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and, telling his editor to "go to Hell; I will write as much as I like," proceed to demolish the unhuman Ibsen people, whom he could not abide. A readable book despite the curious, exclamatory style of the narrative.

The Week in the City.

THE City is already preparing for the holidays, and many of its wealthier magnates have already retired into the country to enjoy themselves. Embargo profiteering under Board of Trade auspices still accounts for much prosperity in special trades such as matches. But the foreign trade of the country is suffering from all these restrictions, and the failure of the Loan, now universally admitted, emphasizes the evils of inflation, and the dangers of public extravagance. Short loans are a shade dearer at 3 to 3½ per cent., according to the length of the maturities. On the stock markets oil shares have again been booming, but otherwise everything is dull. Consols sank below 52 on Wednesday, and French Loans remain weak, the Fives being about 75, and the Fours about 60. The startling Labor victory at Bothwell, and Mr. Churchill's climb-down on Russia are, of course, taken to indicate the weakness of the Government. But unpopular as the Government is, the Socialists are, of course, in still less esteem. The average business man hates all forms of State control. In this connection it is worth noting that the Ministry of Shipping was demobilized on Thursday.

HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

Most of the important Home Railway Companies have now declared their interim dividends, and with the exception of the North Eastern and the South Eastern, there are no important changes to record. The following table shows the interim distributions declared for each of the past four years (rates per cent. per annum):—

	1916	1917	1918	1919
City and S. London	1½	1½	1½	2
Great Central (1889 Pref.)	4	4	4	4
Great Eastern	3	3	1	1
Great Northern (6% Cons. "B")	6	6	6	6
Lines, and Yorks.	3½	3½	3½	3½
L. and N. Western	5	5	5½	5½
London and South Western	4	4	4	4
London Brighton	2½	2½	2½	2½
London Chatham (A and B Pref.)	4	4	4	4½
London Electric	1½	1½	1½	2
Metropolitan	1	1	1	1
Midland Def.	3	3	3½	3½
N. Eastern Cons.	5½	5½	6	6½
South Eastern Ord.	1	1	1½	2
Taff Vale	3½	3½	3½	4

The directors of the South Eastern Railway, in announcing the increased interim dividend, "wish it to be understood that such increase must not be taken to indicate the payment of a higher rate of dividend for the full year." The announcements have had little effect upon prices, the market laying more stress upon labor troubles. The Underground Railway dividends show an improvement on the whole, but no change is made by the London General Omnibus Company. The full rate of 6 per cent. will be paid on Underground Electric Income Bonds on September 1st.

THE MARCONI REPORT.

Very satisfactory results are shown in the report of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company for the year 1918, although no credit is taken for claims against the Government arising out of the war, or for services rendered. Gross profits rose by over £226,000, and net profits were £214,000 higher, administration expenses, although £12,000 higher than 1917, being the same as in 1916, and much lower than in 1915. The following table shows results since 1912:—

	Net Profit	To Reserve	Pref. Div.	Ord. Div.	Car. Fwd.
	£	£	%	%	£
1912	413,300	100,000	17	20	+ 120,900
1913	122,300	—	17	20	— 70,200
1914	232,700	100,000	7	10	— 7,000
1915	377,800	—	7	10	+ 238,000
1916	318,400	32,740	12	15	+ 72,600
1917	383,800	100,000	17	20	— 3,000
1918	597,900	150,000	22	25	+ 87,000

The seven per cent. Participating Preference shares receive 22 per cent. for 1918 as against 17 per cent. for the previous year, while 25 per cent. is distributed on the Ordinary shares as against 20 per cent. The reserve fund gets an additional £50,000, and the balance forward is increased by £87,000 to £463,800.

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